THE REPUBLICAN.

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Quigley Defeats Orvis by 412 Republican Co. Ticket Wins

Orvis Loses Judgeship on Issue of N. Second Term

450 WOULD NOT VOTE

Many Voters Passed Up Both Quigley and Orvis, Supposedly on Temperance Views—Surprises for Orvis in Penns Valley.

Henry C. Quigley was elected Judge over Judge Orvis at Tuesday's election by a majority of 412.

Judge Orvis lost out as a result of a Republican tide in favor of Quigley, coupled with a pronounced opposition to Orvis in Democratic strongholds on the second term principle. The Orvis defection in Democratic Penns valley spelled defeat for him in the returns received from the first ten or twelve districts to report. From that time on it was merely a question of the size of Quigley's majority.

Quigley, because of the hostility among Democrats to the second term idea, made decisive inroads on Orvis all through Penns valley and actually carried such Democratic districts as Walker and Marion townships. Down in Millheim Quigley polled a vote half as great as Orvis, it being 101 to 50. Bellefonte borough, counted on as an Orvis stronghold swept away all predictions by giving Orvis only a 109 majority. State College borough, classed as a fifty fifty proposition, gave Orvis a majority of 38 Philipsburg's three wards gave a lead of 185 for Quigley. So it went all through the county. Howard borough gave Quigley a lead of 62, while Milesburg rolled up 63 more. The Republican strongholds stood pat for Quigley as a Republican while the Democratic centers presented anything but a solid front for Orvis.

The fate of Judge Orvis virtually was settled at the primaries. By men of his own party it was drilled into Democratic voters of all sections that one term was enough. For the most part these opponents turned in for Orvis for the general election, but the damage to his cause had been done and was not to be changed.

Scores of Democrats voted the straight Democratic county ticket but either voted for Quigley or did not mark their ballot for Judge. On the other hand Republicans generally over the county supported Quigley regardless of personal differences.

The prediction of this newspaper, based on a strictly impartial view of the field last week, was that Quigley would be elected by 300 or upward, that Quigley would poll his party strength, and that the voting would probably reveal strength for Quigley in Penns valley surprising to the Orvis Camp. The result bears out the accuracy of this forecast.

The vote cast over the county was larger than that at any election for many years. In some sections the vote was within very few of the total registration, a most unusual result for an off year. Taking the Brumbaugh—McCormick vote of last November as a basis for comparison, the returns from the first thirty-two districts to report showed a gain for Orvis of about two votes to the disirict and a gain for Quigley of about 13. The Quigley gain shaded off sightly in the next eight or nine districts to report. This, however, was not of sufficient importance to materially affect the general result.

Upward of 450 voters in the county did not vote for either Orvis or Quigley. For the most part these are supposed to be temperance advocates to whom neither Orvis nor Quigley was acceptable. In Millheim borough 40 or more voters would not vote for either candidate. The figure was higher in the larger borough of Bellefonte. In a number of districts votes were cast for J. Kennedy Johnston. Supposedly by radical advocates of "no-use."

Yarnell, Chambers, Brown and Sasserman Elected.

FURST EASY WINNER

Foreman Elected Prothonotary—Noll, Grove and Miller Commissioners—Gramley, Hartsock, Hoy, Auditors—Wetzel Likely Surveyor.

THE UNOFFICIAL VOTE

FOR JUDGE

Quigley	4481
Orvis	4069
Quigley's majority	412

SHERIFF

Yarnell, Rep.	4865
Richards, Dem.	4225
Yarnell's majority	640

COUNTY TREASURER

Chambers, Rep.	4797
Harter, Dem.	4196
Chambers' majority,	601

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Furst, Rep.	4915
Fortney, Dem.	3974
Furst's majority,	941

RECORDER

Brown, Rep.	4522
Speer, Dem.	4441
Brown's majority,	81

REGISTER

Sasserman, Rep.	4482
Smith, Dem.	4455
Sasserman's majority,	27

PROTHONOTARY

Foreman, Dem.	4560
Burket, Rep.	4314
Foreman's majority,	246

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Grove, Dem.	4507
Miller, Rep.	4477
Noll, Dem.	4454
Austin, Rep.	4038

COUNTY AUDITORS

Hartsock, Rep.	4491
Gramley, Rep.	4489
Hoy, Dem.	3922
Brungart, Dem.	3752

(Penn Township and West Snow Shoe returns lacking in vote for Auditors, but will not materially change result.)

COUNTY SURVEYOR

Wright, Rep.	4214
Wetzel, Dem.	4140

(Penn Township vote may overcome Wright's apparent majority)

SUFFRAGE

For	1303
Against	1878

(Above totals for Suffrage are for thirty-six districts out of sixty one.)

The whole Republican ticket, except Prothonotary and one County Commissioner, was elected on Tuesday. George H. Yarnell was chosen Sheriff over G. H Richards by 640. David Chambers was elected County Treasurer over James Harter by 601. William A. Brown was elected Recorder over Francis Speer by 81. Frank Sasserman was elected Register over Frank Smith by 27. Ira Burket lost out for Prothonotary to David Foreman by 246. James C. Furst defeated D. Paul Fortney for District Attorney by 941. For County Commissioners Daniel Grove and W. H. Noll, Democratic, and Isaac Miller, Republican, were elected. Clem Gramley and Ralph Hartsock, Republican, and Sinie Hoy, Democratic, were elected County Auditors. The vote for County Surveyor is so close that the official count may be required. Wright, Rep., leads Wetzel, Dem., by 100, with Penn Township still out. This is a Democratic district and may overcome Wright's apparent margin.

The victory scored by Yarnell, Republican, for Sheriff, and Chambers, Republican, for County Treasurer, was decisive. Yarnell was personally strong at the polls. In addition Richards, his opponent, was regarded as secretly supporting Quigley for Judge and for this reason was cut by many Democrats. Philipsburg and Rush Township fell behind for Yarnell, but his strength in other sections pushed him over the wire an easy winner.

James C. Furst, Republican, in defeating Fortney, the present incumbent, led the Republican ticket with a majority of 941. Fortney was weak in Democratic strongholds.

The re-election of David R. Foreman as Prothonotary, who was one of the three Democrats to slide through, may be attributed largely to his personal strength. At first it appeared that he had been defeated, but he developed considerable strength in Rush and Spring townships and came through a victor by

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Un-Official Vote Cast in Centre County at the Election Held November 2nd, 1915.

VOTING DISTRICTS	Judge		Sheriff		Proth'y		Treas.		Regist'r		Rec'd'r		Commissioners				Dist. At.		Auditors				Survey		1st Am.	
	Ellis L. Orvis	H. C. Quigley	Geo. H. Richards, Dem.	Geo. H. Yarnell, Rep.	D. R. Foreman, Dem.	Ira G. Burket, Rep.	Jas. E. Harter, Dem.	David Chambers, Rep.	J. Frank Smith, Deam.	Frank Sasserman, Rep.	W. Francis Speer, Dem.	Wm. H. Brown, Rep.	D. A. Grove, Dem.	Wm. H. Noll, Dem.	Isaac Miller, Rep.	Harry P. Austin, Rep.	D. Paul Fortney, Dem.	James C. Furst, Rep.	Jeremiah Brungart, Dem.	Sinie H. Hoy, Dem.	C. H. Gramley, Rep.	Ralph R. Hartsock, Rep.	Paul L. Wetzell Dem.	Norman Wright, Rep.	Woman Suffrage—Yes.	Woman Suffrage—No.
Bellefonte, N. W.	231	193	144	297	213	224	173	270	251	195	212	231	179	197	287	204	160	278	148	191	256	237	240	194	143	197
Bellefonte, S. W.	208	162	144	262	189	211	195	207	221	177	188	208	199	177	225	181	187	201	180	195	199	187	226	162	83	163
Bellefonte, W. W.	73	54	51	82	71	59	63	67	70	63	66	66	65	64	77	56	56	78	56	68	64	62	72	61	37	61
Centre Hall boro.	146	33	103	49	125	22	111	38	128	21	124	28	126	122	29	19	90	55	108	106	43	37	111	32		
Howard Boro.	54	117	45	132	65	110	48	127	54	120	83	85	51	54	121	120	43	125	47	49	114	125	50	117		
Milesburg boro.	31	94	15	113	20	105	15	110	28	97	32	92	20	27	101	105	18	106	21	20	101	109	29	98	21	58
Millheim boro.	101	50	115	44	122	34	118	35	123	35	115	42	123	121	37	34	112	45	115	109	38	35	119	35		
Philipsb'g, 1st W.	65	105	104	81	82	97	58	120	60	122	65	115	65	74	115	106	43	138	43	43	130	120	56	115	89	62
Philipsb'g, 2nd W.	100	187	164	123	135	138	90	189	89	185	104	170	103	117	149	159	90	192	83	90	157	166	89	168	127	55
Philipsb'g, 3rd W.	74	133	157	74	112	90	80	137	74	145	93	125	89	101	114	109	85	126	72	71	126	123	77	118		
Snow Shoe boro.	69	88	60	105	71	92	28	139	58	105	54	107	64	69	90	92	68	94	56	52	100	101	65	94	69	48
S. Philipsburg.	17	56	29	39	24	41	22	41	14	48	14	52	18	20	44	41	16	49	15	15	44	46	22	39	46	11
State College boro	235	203	174	275	217	227	214	230	213	233	216	233	243	222	238	182	173	278	168	177	268	263	192	254		
Unionville boro	29	37	30	47	31	45	36	41	29	47	28	47	35	38	40	36	31	45	25	26	47	47	35	39	34	20
Benner Twp, N. P.	48	53	43	62	54	46	51	43	57	46	53	50	61	40	57	41	51	51	47	50	45	45	53	43	20	36
Benner Twp. S. P.	31	40	32	45	36	36	39	36	37	40	42	35	44	30	44	36	28	49	25	45	32	39	41	34	13	29
Boggs Twp. N. P.	15	38	19	36	20	35	22	34	17	38	17	39	22	19	32	35	15	38	19	19	33	36	21	35	8	26
Boggs Twp. E. P.	30	51	36	52	41	48	40	47	43	43	42	46	42	43	46	42	32	54	40	41	41	43	44	41		
Boggs Twp. W. P.	62	120	51	138	75	110	52	136	62	120	61	123	176	66	118	109	53	135	58	62	110	126	71	112		
Burnside Twp.	48	35	20	31	20	30	12	43	20	32	21	30	21	20	36	26	20	31	19	19	29	28	22	27		
College Twp.	95	144	109	159	122	140	124	150	128	134	129	137	169	126	132	104	109	155	104	124	152	145	120	139		
Curtin Twp. N. P.	54	17	19	50	19	47	22	49	19	51	22	46	19	25	40	51	19	49	16	19	47	51	26	41	18	14
Curtin Twp. S. P.	36	48	27	55	33	47	21	62	30	49	30	49	36	35	45	45	28	52	30	33	42	45	34	45		
Fergus'n Twp E. P.	145	90	156	90	162	88	163	83	167	84	166	82	183	166	85	66	155	94	151	152	92	94	158	86	59	110
Fergus'n Twp W. P.	29	69	38	60	37	62	35	56	44	51	40	58	44	32	62	51	32	63	32	29	59	59	27	64	21	36
Gregg Twp. N. P.	43	14	47	18	44	16	53	12	53	10	52	13	55	50	15	9	50	15	53	50	11	11	50	13	10	43
Gregg Twp. E. P.	102	28	107	29	112	22	110	26	112	24	109	26	116	109	24	21	107	29	111	112	26	21	113	23		
Gregg Twp. W. P.	110	64	119	66	132	51	117	65	128	55	116	67	129	121	54	54	122	61	122	113	62	53	122	58	33	90
Haines Twp. E. P.	72	55	87	42	86	41	90	39	87	42	86	41	84	79	42	40	90	37	84	77	45	43	83	42		
Haines Twp. W. P.	92	51	100	39	109	50	105	54	105	54	100	58	98	97	63	58	97	60	93	94	60	58	97	59		
Halfmoon Twp.	31	71	38	66	31	78	38	72	30	73	29	72	48	33	61	66	35	70	27	24	76	75	28	72		
Harris Twp. E. P.	45	20	44	23	47	19	46	21	47	20	48	19	49	44	21	17	45	21	44	44	22	21	44	20	15	14
Harris Twp. W. P.	66	36	62	57	70	54	66	57	68	49	68	51	73	62	58	46	65	53	65	64	50	52	70	47	41	60
Howard Twp.	48	82	49	94	55	78	52	85	52	82	64	72	54	55	75	74	55	95	46	46	78	82	56	83	26	61
Huston Twp.	56	92	62	88	59	84	69	78	57	94	60	87	62	52	82	88	46	99	46	48	70	108	62	76		
Liberty Twp. E. P.	49	142	49	138	66	122	56	141	54	128	60	127	60	61	116	105	58	126	49	51	113	122	55	123	32	76
Liberty Twp. W. P.	13	22	9	25	9	25	11	24	10	24	11	23	12	12	23	19	11	22	13	10	24	22	11	18	7	8
Marion Twp.	52	55	68	53	85	37	73	45	86	36	76	43	80	80	41	31	74	45	74	76	47	42	78	40	25	44
Miles Twp. E. P.	45	14	50	10	50	10	51	9	50	10	51	8	51	56	9	10	48	13	44	43	12	15	47	11	4	32
Miles Twp. M. P.	105	53	110	46	118	40	121	38	121	38	120	37	122	119	42	38	105	48	118	97	71	30	115	39	41	52
Miles Twp. W. P.	42	20	48	22	59	8	59	7	59	8	58	11	32	56	12		52	14	49	48	17	9	54	7		
Patton Twp.	41	83	44	91	40	95	42	92	43	92	51	83	53	42	89	81	42	89	45	45	87	81	44	84		
Penn Twp.	158	43	177	26	172	37	193	23	185	27	168	41	182	174	33	28	167	42								
Potter Twp. N. P.	79	31	82	41	95	27	86	33	99	23	82	28	83	94	30	23	82	29	88	84	35	31	91	30	24	53
Potter Twp. S. P.	81	29	75	46	95	30	92	28	103	21	89	31	91	93	28	28	79	40	84	82	30	31	84	30	16	60
Potter Twp. W. P.	55	20	71	15	72	13	71	15	71	15	73	13	71	72	13	13	71	15	70	69	14	14	69	13	8	28
Rush Twp. N. P.	80	111	158	42	101	80	85	97	90	92	89	102	93	98	75	82	98	83	78	77	86	82	90	75		
Rush Twp. E. P.	19	44	25	33	29	30	10	50	17	41	24	35	21	21	33	41	22	38	18	19	37	29	21	38	10	24
Rush Twp. S. P.	31	98	80	51	40	85	24	103	29	96	19	106	37	29	85	86	28	98	25	26	86	91	26	97	32	25
Rush Twp. W. P.	42	89	91	45	58	70	37	103	48	81	51	84	53	52	70	78	53	72	46	45	76	72	51	75	53	15
Snow Shoe Twp., E. P.	55	180	38	197	47	187	11	220	33	198	33	193	41	37	190	193	40	191	32	36	190	187	42	187		
Snow Shoe Twp., W. P.	35	77	37	63	40	58	26	85	28	60	34	65	47	44	56	50	40	63	35	40						
Spring Twp. N. P.	66	80	48	106	71	82	68	88	73	83	75	86	72	58	97	74	69	87	61	60	88	86	74	73		
Spring Twp. S. P.	124	141	97	185	147	127	151	129	151	130	164	120	78	209	102	94	121	155	125	143	130	119	143	121	59	99
Spring Twp. W. P.	56	96	56	110	59	107	62	101	53	110	65	107	61	68	106	87	63	96	51	56	92	96	63	95	29	43
Taylor Twp.	28	68	29	68	25	62	19	66	14	69	18	69	22	24	60	60	19	70	13	15	67	66	11	67		
Union Twp.	26	97	40	95	39	95	43	93	52	100	43	97	42	35	89	94	28	105	30	31	104	101	41	95	27	32
Walker Twp. E. P.	71	53	85	50	75	49	57	65	69	54	47	56	59	56	45	43	47	55	47	43	53	42	52	48	15	55
Walker Twp. M. P.	73	43	79	39	88	27	56	61	71	46	66	50	61	53	33	23	44	67	34	37	64	27	50	28	17	39
Walker Twp. W. P.	58	33	28	68	65	27	65	41	71	25	76	20	70	61	38	22	59	56	60	61	32	32	65	28		
Worth Twp.	43	108	51	103	39	123	51	110	46	115	54	109	48	49	107	111	44	115	39	49	107	122	46	113		
Total.	4069	4481	4225	4865	4560	4314	4196	4797	4455	4482	4441	4522	4507	4454	4477	4038	3974	4915	3752	3922	4489	4491	4140	4214	1303	1878
Majority.		412		640	246			601		27		81	469	16	439			941								

BELLEFONTE RESULT

Morrison and Morgan Poor Overseers and Cassidy Justice of Peace.

Bellefonte borough gave Orvis a majority of 109 over Quigley for Judge, the former carrying all three wards. Orvis had 237 in the North Ward, 208 in the South and 73 in the West. Quigley had 193 in the North, 162 in the South and 54 in the West. The total polled by each was: Orvis 518; Quigley 409. Quite a number of voters did not vote for either Orvis or Quigley. A few scattering votes were cast for J. Kennedy Johnston.

For Overseers of the Poor in the borough Alexander Morrison and Thomas Morgan, both Republican, were elected. Morgan polled 484 and Morrison 464, as compared with 333 for Badger, Washington, and 286 for Shields, Democratic, and 264 for Alters, Democratic. The vote for each in the three wards was as follows:

South Ward—Morgan, 154; Morrison, 151; Shields, Democratic, 150; Alters, Democratic, 152; Badger, Washington, 143.

North Ward—Morgan, 254; Morrison 251; Shields, 106; Badger, 128; Alters, 89.

West Ward—Morgan, 76; Morrison 62; Shields, 30; Alters, 23; Badger, 62

For Justice of the Peace in the North Ward Kline Woodring, Democratic, defeated Charles L. Gates, Republican and Washington, by a majority of 35. The vote was: Woodring, 240; Gates, 205. For Constable in this ward Howard Smead, Washington and Republican, defeated Harry Dukeman, on the Democratic ticket, by 129. Smead's vote was 285, and that for Dukeman 156.

For Justice of the Peace in the South and West wards, combined, W. C. Cassidy, Republican, was elected by a plurality of 67 over Harry Walkey, Democratic. This was one of the spirited contests of the day. Cassidy had 220 in the South Ward and 82 in the West, as compared with 103 for Walkey in the South and 32 in the West. Cassidy's total in the two wards was 302 to 135 for Walkey. Henry D. Brown and J. M. Keichline were independent candidates. Brown had 15 in the South Ward and 4 in the West, whereas Keichline had 16 in the South and 13 in the West.

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WOMAN KILLS MAN; CLAIMS SELF DEFENSE

With Husband and Two Children is Lodged in Jail.

ARREST THREE OTHERS

Sunday Evening Tragedy at Staub Hill, Near Clarence—Woman Says She Blazed Away with Gun When Men Stoned Boarding House.

Mrs. Sophia Voyznak, a Polish woman aged about 28 years, shot and killed Andrew Slavitz, a Russian, at Staub Hill about four miles beyond Clarence, early last Sunday evening. She frankly admitted killing Slavitz but claimed that she acted in self defense. The woman and her husband, Frank Voyznak, were placed under arrest and brought to jail in Bellefonte on Monday afternoon. The woman is the mother of two children, one a mere babe and the other about three years old. She took the children with her to jail. Three men also were arrested and placed in jail. One was Charley Slavitz, a brother of the dead man, and John and Steve Doriozl.

According to the story as told by Mrs. Voyznak, she and her husband have been conducting a boarding house at Staub Hill, where the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. recently opened up some new operations. On Sunday afternoon, she stated, Charley Slavitz and several other men came to her boarding house and started to stir up trouble, their chief purpose being to provoke a fight with her husband. While her husband was out of the house for a few minutes, Mrs. Voyznak said, Charley Slavitz insulted her and tore her dress. She retaliated by seizing a club and giving him a terrible beating. He fled to the woods. Early in the evening Andrew Slavitz and John and Steve Doriozl showed up at the boarding house, Slavitz announcing that he was there to get satisfaction for the beating given his brother. The men placed $160 in money on a table and dared Voyznak to step outside and fight for

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HAS SOMEBODY BEEN BATHING IN BIG SPRING

Perhaps Somebody Has Been Kidding Doctor Dixon.

HEALTH DEPT. INQUIRES

Borough Council Advised that Fence Should be Locked and Public Excluded from Yard Surrounding Town's Water Supply.

Has somebody really been taking a bath in Bellefonte's famous "big spring?"

Or, has somebody been kidding State Health Commissioner Dixon, of Harrisburg.

If the former is the case the bather picked out the coldest spot in town for his morning—or evening—plunge. If Dr. Dixon has been "taken over" it is because he naturally is unfamiliar with the temperature of the water which for a century has been the pride of the good, old town.

Be that as it may, as Frank Daniels the comedian used to say, Dr. Dixon actually believes Bellefonte's big spring has been used for bathing purposes and he has written a letter to the borough Council advising that the practice be stopped forthwith. His letter was read at a meeting of Council on Monday night. He explained that it was written after a report to him by a special investigator sent here by the State Department of Health to inquire into the purity of the water and the general conditions surrounding the source of supply for the big spring.

Ever since there has been a town here people have been accustomed to walk out to the spring and help themselves to a drink of water. This, says Dr. Dixon, is all wrong. The practice should be stopped to guard against contaminating the water supply of the town, he says. The Doctor wrote that his investigator reported that some persons had been accustomed to dipping their hands into the spring to cool them off, and he

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EXPECT GOV. BRUMBAUGH FOR PENNSYLVANIA DAY

Penn State College Ready for Annual Celebration.

TO DEDICATE BUILDING

New Mining Department Building to be Accepted With H. M. Chance, of Philadelphia, as Principal Speaker—State vs. Lehigh at Football.

Pennsylvania Day will be celebrated at Pennsylvania State College tomorrow. This is the big fete day of the year at Penn State and all indications are that tomorrow's celebration will be a pleasing success.

Governor Brumbaugh is expected to be on hand for the occasion. He is scheduled to review the cadets at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. At 10 o'clock there will be the dedication ceremonies at the new Mining Department Building. H. M. Chance, of Philadelphia, a noted engineer, will be the principal speaker.

The big athletic event of the day will be the annual football game between Penn State and Lehigh, on New Beaver Field. The game will be called at 3 o'clock. The admirers of both teams are confidently predicting victory and a hard, close contest is anticipated. Tomorrow evening there will be the inter-fraternity dance in the armory.

On Saturday afternoon there will be another good football game, the opposing teams being the Penn State freshman and East Liberty Academy. On Saturday night there will be a concert by the Penn State Glee Club in the auditorium.

Beginning with tonight there will be the usual round of social activity that always features the week of Pennsylvania Day. Numerous house parties are being entertained by fraternities and dances and receptions have been arranged in their honor.

Ohio Defeats Prohibition

Ohio on Tuesday voted down the prohibition constitutional amendment by 50,000.

LIST OF JURORS.

Drawn for the December Term of Court.

Grand Jurors—Dec. 6th.

Simon Harpster, laborer.....Worth
Calvin Corl, farmer.....Spring
Hamer Bailey, clerk.....Philipsburg
W. W. Brahen, chemist.State College
M. G. Walker, farmer.....Half Moon
J. E. Harris, farmer.....Walker
W. B. Henderson, lab'r..Howard boro
Geo. B. Winters, farmer.....Miles
E. H. Leathers, mechanic.Howard twp
Henry Wingard, laborer.....A. Penn
Orvis Lee, laborer.....Benner
Wilbur Miles, clerk.....Milesburg
John Q. Miles, retired.....Huston
Harry Cramer, blksmith,..S. S. boro
C. P. Reese, farmer.....Boggs
William Rice, Ins. Agent..Philipsburg
A. B. Tanyer, carpenter.State College
John McDonald, laborer.....Huston
Paul A. Brown, operator....Bellefonte
P. E. Grenoble, plumber.....Ferguson
J. L. Mattern, farmer.....Patton
Clarence Lucas, laborer....S. S. Twp.
Edgar Gentzell, laborer.....Huston
John A. Kelley, barber.....S. S. boro

Traverse Jurors—Dec. 6th.

Geo. Fravel, collector.Snow Shoe boro
Chas. Kuhn, Cigar maker.Philipsburg
W. V. Schenck, clark...Howard boro
O. C. Harvey, baker.....State College
Samuel E. Troy, clerk.....Rush
L. R. Smith, farmer.....Potter
W. E. Boob, farmer.....Haines
J. W. Hartsock, farmer.....Patton
L. R. Lingle, farmer.....Potter
William Conser, agent.....Rush
S. T. Miller, farmer.....Miles
Sol. Poorman, laborer.....Spring
W. P. Hosterman, laborer.....Gregg
J. Orvis Peters, farmer....Half Moon
Philip Freeze, miner.Snow Shoe Twp.
Clifton Meek, clerk..Snow Shoe Twp.
Jas. W. Swabb, farmer.....Harris
J. C. Crow, farmer.....Walker
M. S. Vonada, laborer.....Penn
George Gentzell, gentleman....Gregg
W. P. Lingle, laborer.....Gregg
John Beals, merchant.....Philipsburg
Howard Wells, carpenter.....Spring
Wilbur Burkholder, agent..Bellefonte
Claud Gette, clerk.....Philipsburg
John Mellen, butcher.....Philipsburg
George Ishler, butcher.....Potter
Frank Fields, laborer.....Patton
Samuel Wayne, miner.....Rush
Albert Stover, carpenter.....Liberty
Harry Bower, farmer.....Haines
Lawrence Williams, engineer....Rush
Chas. Pifer, laborer.....Howard boro
Z. W. Hoy, farmer.....Marion
John Hoy, laborer...Snow Shoe Twp.
Jerome Confer, laborer.....S. S. boro
N. E. Robb, clerk.....State College
J. B. Ralston, laborer...State College
Abednego Laird, farmer.....Worth
John W. Reifsnyder, miller.....Harris
David Rimmey, laborer.....Spring
Geo. Harrish, miner..Snow Shoe twp.
J. B. Reckey, farmer.....Patton
Johnson Warner, farmer.....Union
Jas. L. Kerstetter, gentleman..Spring
J. W. Silvas, farmer.....Half Moon
Doyle H. Hoy, laborer.....Walker
W. R. Schenck, farmer.....Liberty

Traverse Jurors—Dec. 13th.

Jesse Shaffer, laborer.....Walker
Elwood Steele, farmer.....Huston
E. W. Motz, laborer.....Haines
W. C. From, clerk.....State College
J. A. Way, farmer.....Union
J. W. Stine, burgess.....Philipsburg
Chas. C. Daley, farmer.....Union
S. H. Lohr, farmer...Snow Shoe twp.
C. W. Swartz, merchant.....Potter
John Kimport, farmer.....Harris
James M. Moyer, inn keeper...Potter
William Kehoe, carpenter.....Rush
L. D. Orndorf, merchant.....Haines
And. Tobias, butcher.Snow Shoe twp.
Joseph Bitner, farmer.....Gregg
Michael Hefferon, miner.....Rush
Chas. Zindel, shoemaker...S. S. boro
D. S. Wert, farmer.....Haines
Michael Spicher, gentleman....Spring
Joseph Brugger, farmer....Unionville
W. J. Carlin, merchant.....Miles
Lawrence Nugent merchant.....Rush
Mark Williams, clerk.....Bellefonte
M. C. Walk, farmer.....Taylor
William McGowan, moulder..Benner
D. F. Houser, farmer.....Benner
D. W. Musser, farmer.....Haines
H. E. Truckenmiller, farmer..Spring
Harry Sayers, miner.Snow Shoe twp.
John C. Martin, clerk.....Spring
H. J. Tibbens, gentleman...Bellefonte
C. W. Hartman, moulder....Millheim
Clyde Jodon, merchant.....Bellefonte
Levi Simmons, laborer.....Bellefonte
D. L. Pearce, clerk.....State College
Chas. Miller, farmer.....Rush
Chas. Wetzel, carpenter.....Spring
Joseph Rachau, laborer.....Gregg
Augustus Armor, farmer.....Spring
Joseph Kirk, carpenter....Philipsburg

HOUSEHOLD CARES

Tax the Women of Bellefonte the Same as Elsewhere.

Hard to attend to household duties
With a constantly aching back.
A woman should not have a bad back,
And she seldom would if the kidneys were well.
Doan's Kidney Pills are endorsed by thousands.
Have been used in kidney trouble over 50 years.
Read what this Bellefonte woman says:
Mrs. J. T. Gordon, 130 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte, says: "I had backache and a dull, constant ache accross my loins. I was in misery at times and in the morning was sore and lame. I dreaded to begin my housework, Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Parrish's Drug Store made my kidneys normal and relieved the backache. I have had no return of the trouble. Another in my family has also found great benefit from Doan's Kidney Pills."
Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Gordon had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Reuben Comly Injured.

Reuben Comly, one of Union Township's best known citizens, was injured last Thursday afternoon when the Central Railroad Co. of Pa. passenger train ran into his team, at the crossing nearby the old Red School house, just below town. Fortunately Mr. Comly's injuries were not of a serious character. He was painfully bruised and suffered a slight scalp wound, but he was able to return home from the hospital on Monday.

The afternoon passenger train had just started for Mill Hall and Mr. Comley was driving along the road when his team became unmanageable and dashed onto the tracks. A collision was unavoidable. One of the horses was killed and the wagon dragged quite a distance. At first it was feared that Mr. Comley had been badly injured, but fortunately this proved not to be the case.

CARNEY GETS 4 YEARS

Escaped Convict Returned to Pittsburgh Penitentiary for Long Term.

Clyde D. Carney who recently escaped from the new penitentiary and who was re captured at Chicago, was sentenced by Judge Orvis to an additional term of four years. Carney was brought to Bellefonte for trial, as the law provides in the case of escaped prisoners. He offered no resistance, pleading guilty and appearing before Judge Orvis for sentence last Thursday afternoon. He was taken to Pittsburgh to the old penitentiary immediately after being sentenced.

When Carney, who has had a checkered career, was returned to the county jail, after receiving his sentence of four years, he remarked to prison officials:

"Say, that Judge (meaning Judge Orvis) impressed me as being a sweet scented sort of fellow, but when he came to handing me that sentence I got a different idea of him."

Carney's escape and recapture go to make up an interesting story. After slipping out from the new penitentiary on the morning of October 7th Carney made his way across the mountain to the Bald Eagle valley railroad. It so happened that Carney had worked on various railroads and was perfectly familiar with the method of giving signals, etc. In this manner he was able to board a freight train traveling toward Tyrone. He was too clever and experienced to ride into Tyrone, where he figured officers would be looking for him, and jumped off the train shortly before arriving at the Tyrone yards. He then kept himself under cover until he was able to board a freight train for Pittsburgh.

In heading toward Pittsburgh Carney was planning to supply himself with funds. It seems that before Carney was arrested on one charge and sentenced to the penitentiary he had robbed a post-office near Cramer station and beat up the postmaster. A part of the matter stolen was $250 in stamps. Carney hid the stuff, including the stamps, at Cramer. When he escaped from the new penitentiary he headed straight for Cramer to get the stolen postage stamps. He located the stolen articles and fearing to take a chance on carrying $250 worth of stamps on his person Carney shipped a package by parcel post, containing the stamps, to Chicago, addressing the package to himself. Just how the Chicago postoffice officials became familiar with the contents of the package is known only to themselves. Postal inspectors were notified and when Carney called for and received the package he was shadowed. The thought of the postal inspectors was that by trailing him for a time they might be able to learn whether he was mixed up in plans for additional robberies. This proved not to be the case and he was placed under arrest. It was only when Carney was taken to police headquarters that his identity was established. His description as an escaped convict from the new penitentiary here was on file in the Chicago police headquarters, just as it was in police stations all over the country, and Carney, realizing that he had run his course, admitted that he was the man wanted in this State. He accompanied the officers back to Pittsburgh and last week was brought to Bellefonte.

Corn and Fruit Show.

Blair County will hold its third annual Corn and Fruit Show November 17, 18, 19 and 20. The Show will be staged on the second floor of the Altoona Market House, Green Avenue and Eighth St., Altoona, Pa. This is the largest room available in the city.

Corn, fruit, potatoes and other farm products will be shown. The competition in corn is limited to Blair County. Fruit and potatoes from any other surrounding counties, however, may be shown in competition with that of Blair County. The fruit exhibit is one which particularly deserves mention. That shown the two previovs years has called forth much favorable comment. In fact many of the visitors insist that it must have been grown on the much heralded slopes of the Northwest. It is one of the aims, however, of the Corn and Fruit Show, to prove that central Pennsylvania fruit is on a par with that produced in any other section of the United States.

Those who see and taste that which is exhibited at the Altoona Corn and Fruit Show will certainly need no further arguments.

Last year there were over 800 exhibits. The premium list amounted to about $500.00. This year a larger show in every way is anticipated. A cordial invitation is extended to everyone. We are proud of the products to be exhibited, and want as many as possible to see it. Those wishing to send in exhibits should send them to the Blair County Farm Bureau Market House, Altoona, Pa. so that they arrive not later than Tuesday, November 16. All entries will be closed at noon the following day.

Howard Matley Dead.

Howard Matley died last Friday at his late home at Philipsburg from a complication of diseases. He had been ill about five weeks. Deceased was aged 79 years and was born in Philipsburg, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Matley. Surviving are a brother, Allen, now residing in California, also three sisters: Mrs. Eliza Simler, Mrs. Sophia Bordreaux and Mrs. Thresa Ardell, all of Philipsburg.

The Coffee Cup In Persia.

The expression "to give a cup of coffee" has in Persia a somewhat ominous significance. This is due to the fact that the coffee cup is one recognized medium for conveying poison. Some years ago the governor of Aspadana, having long been at daggers drawn with the chief of a powerful mountain tribe, determined in this way to put an end to all trouble. He professed to entertain a great degree of friendship and esteem for the chieftain and invited him to visit him at his palace. The chief unsuspiciously came, accompanied by his two young sons. For a week they were royally entertained. But at last one morning when the chief came into his host's presence he was coldly received, and an attendant soon stepped forward with a single cup of coffee in his hand, which he offered to the guest. The latter could not fail to understand that he was doomed. Preferring, however, steel to poison, he declined the cup and was thereupon, at a signal from his host, stabbed to death.

The Test of Education.

The test of a good education is the degree of mental culture which it imparts, for education, so far as its object is scientific, is the discipline of the mind. The reader must not overlook what is meant by the word mind when used in reference to education. That some dumb animals are possessed of a sort of understanding is admitted, but it has never been asserted that they enjoy the use of reason. Man, however, has the faculty called reason in addition to his understanding. Accordingly what we mean by saying that the object of education is the cultivation of our minds or that the goodness of an education varies with the degree of mental culture amounts simply to this—that we better perform our functions as rational creatures in proportion as we carry further the distinction between ourselves and the brute creation—that is, in proportion as we are better fitted for the discourse of reason.—John William Donaldson.

Floorwalking and Spelling.

The worst thing about the following is that it is true and, what's more, that it happened in one of Pittsburgh's stores.

The girl, stylishly attired, stepped up to the still more stylishly attired floorwalker and inquired where she would find the chiffon. The floorwalker consulted a notebook. Her surprise came when he gravely told her that they did not keep chiffon.

"Why," she gasped, "you cannot possibly mean that!"

In her eagerness she stepped closer to the stylishly attired man than Elenor Gale says a stylishly attired woman should, and looked over his shoulder at the notebook.

"Oh, I see!" she said flatly as she moved off to ask for the girl at the glove counter about the chiffons. The man had been looking under the s's.—Baltimore Star.

Making Lenses.

There is absolutely no other human occupation that requires the accuracy of observation and the delicacy of touch that are requisite for the making of the finest lenses. These are the most perfect products of human hands. It may convey some idea of the labor required in the making of a large lens to say that at least one year's time is required for the grinding and polishing of a thirty inch object glass. A little lens two inches in diameter requires the unremitting care and attention of a skilled workman for two or three days. It is easy, then, to see why it is that even lenses for high class photographic work are costly. A forty inch object glass for a large telescope cannot be made in much less than four years' time, and if everything does not go just right it may require much longer than that.

The Circular Saw.

In technical journals considerable discussion has taken place as to who invented the circular saw. The claim is made that this kind of saw was invented and used by a wood turner named Murray at Mansfield about the year 1820. The first saw is described as having been about six inches in diameter and was used on a wood turning lathe operated by water power. James Murray, the inventor, is said to have been the son of old Joe Murray, the favorite servant of Lord Byron.

If It Only Were.

Little Johnny was sorely troubled one morning. Prohibitions great and small met him at every turn. It was "no" to this and "no" to that till at last he began to cry, angrily exclaiming to his mother betweeen sobs, "I wish 'no' was a swear word, mamma, so you couldn't say it."—American Boy.

Firmness of Purpose.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.

Expectation.

Montague—So the Jimson girl eloped with young Perkins? Are her parents much worried? Melissa—Awfully. Every day they are expecting a letter asking for money.—Judge.

Those Funny Stories.

A well known trouble with conversation is that you can't talk to some men half a minute without reminding them of a funny story that isn't very funny.—Toledo Blade.

Inquisitive.

Edgar, aged six, was recently sent to school for the first time, and upon his return home he asked, "Papa, who taught Adam the alphabet?"

AUTOMOBILE LICENSES

Plates for 1916 Ready for Delivery December 1st by Highway Department.

"Now is the time to send in your applications for 1916 automobile licenses," is the key note of a notice sent out this week by the State Highway Department at Harrisburg. The application blanks for 1916 registrations and licenses are now ready and are being sent out and, according to the statement, all owners are urged to get their applications in at the earliest minute posssible.

The Automobile Division of the State Highway Department has prepared for the annual rush of applications and already many have been received but, according to the statement, all corporations firms, manufacturers, department stores and other organizations using many automobiles and desiring consecutive numbers on their license plates are particularly requested to get their applications in without delay in order that serial numbers may be assigned. Attention is called to the law governing the granting of licenses, which requires an affidavit, properly filled out, to accompany the application.

Shipment of 1916 licenses will be begun by the Automobile Division of the State Highway Department on December 1.

This year, as in the past, many requests have been received from automobile owners for the same number which they now have. These requests include a very great number for the low figures up to 100. While the State Highway Department is anxious to comply with these requests wherever possible, it must be understood, of course, continues the statement, that it is not possible to grant all of these requests. Where a certain number has been held by a party for several years, that fact has weighed in the distribution of numbers for 1916. The Department files and considers requests for the reassignment of numbers and whereever it is at all possible, they are granted. The statement issued, however, gives notice that no applications for specific numbers will be entertained after November 20.

Another point on which the statement places emphasis is that no municipality, city or borough has the right under the law to grant to any individual the right to operate his car without a license or with the license of another year. Heretofore, several municipalities in the State have, through their police officials, notified automobile owners that license plates of the previous year would be good until the new plates were received. This the State Highway Department asserts is an unauthorized action and no leniency will be extended in the future unless an official notice is promulgated by the State Highway Department that owing to congestion in the Automobile Division it is impossible to send out the plates.

TO SHIP GAME

Hunters Notified to Guard Against Violating Law Covering Subject.

Dr. Joseph Kalbfus secretary of the state game commission, has issued a warning that hunters who go "pot hunting" and violate the law regarding size of bags or attempt to sell game will be prosecuted. All of the game wardens have been put on their guard and the aid of state police, foresters and fish wardens will be extended in arresting violators. A special watch will be kept on hunters who kill their limit in one county and then go into another after shipping home their game and repeat the performance.

Dr. Kalbfus has sent out the following instructions to game wardens:

"The open season for game in Pennsylvania is now in full blast, and I call your attention to that provision of the act of April 21, 1915, found in section 8 of said act, page 95, of the pamphlet containing the game, fish and forestry laws, and relating to the shipment of game. Heretofore it has been the practice of numerous gunners in this state, especially market hunters, to go into one section of the state, kill perhaps their limit of either birds or animals, box the same, ship them to their homes or elsewhere, then go into another county and repeat, going again into the third county, and sometimes into more counties, in this way violating the law regarding the number of birds or animals that might be killed, and covering their tracks in a way that prevented detection, to the great injury of true sportsmen. Sportsmen of the state conceived the idea of stopping this procedure, and are attempting to do this through the provisions as found in said section 8.

"In the enforcement of this act, you are to use good judgment, but under no conditions are you to permit or authorize the shipment of game of any kind, unless it is properly marked, as required by the act, and accompanied by the owner of the game.

"You will frequently be importuned by sportsmen to permit the shipment of game to a friend or to this point and that point in the state. This permission cannot be granted. The purpose of the act was to stop just that very condition and while a hardship may be imposed upon a few in the state, the benefit that will come to the many will far overbalance the slight injury thus imposed.

"Where a sportsman starts in good faith with his game, the same being boxed or in his baggage, properly marked, under ordinary conditions we see no reason why a prosecution should be brought, if during the course of travel he became separated from his game and happened to travel upon a separate train or even upon separate days. The intent of the shipment or transfer of game is the question to be considered, and you are not to prosecute in any case of this character, without first consulting this office. The purpose of this provision was to protect and preserve game, and to force would-be violators into a position where they cannot kill game beyond the limit at pleasure. We hope you will inform sportsmen as to the purpose of this act, when I am sure they will in the great majority of cases be in accord with you regarding this matter.

"No discretion in any way is given to this office or to you regarding this matter, and you have no authority to attempt even to authorize shipments contrary to the provisions of this act. The penalty for violating this act is exactly what it would be for the killing contrary to law of the bird or animal thus transported. We direct that you at once notify the various railroads, express agents and postmasters in your section concerning their liability under this section."

Become Independent.

Can give an ambitious party opportunity to establish a fine trade, in the vicinity, handling a high quality household commodity. It can be sold at a handsome profit at 20 to 25% under the retail price, as wholesalers and middlemen's profits are obviated by direct importation. No capital required. Address X are The Republican office.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles have yielded to Doan's Ointment. 50c at all stores.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Adam H. Krumrine, et ux, to Anna L. Krumrine, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $450.

Jason Underwood, et al, to Anna E. Underwood, tract in Union Twp.; $1.

Mary A. Twigg to Samuel E. Twigg, tract in Rush Twp.; $85.

Mary A. Twigg to Samuel E. Twigg, tract in Rush Twp.; $300.

John B. Beam to P. F. Garbrick, tract in Rush Twp.; $4,242.72.

Claude Cook, et ux, to Eleanor Graham, tract in College Twp.; $155.

G. W. Kister, et ux, to W. T. Winkleblech, tract in Haines Twp.; $400.

Trustees Wm. A. Thomas Est. to Albert C. Mingle, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $2,990.

O. E. Miles, et ux, to H. T. Mann, tract in Milesburg Boro.; $1000.

Michael MaGuire, et ux, to J. E. Hawkins, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $500.

Trustees Wm. A. Thomas Est. to Jacob Marks, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $630.

Samuel P. Schenck Dead.

Samuel P. Schenck died at his late home at Clearfield last Thursday morning following an illness of several months. Deceased was aged 73 years and was born in Centre County. He was a carpenter by trade and removed to Clearfield probably forty years ago. Surviving are his widow, who before her marriage was Louise Weaver, also a daughter, Mrs. Gray Miller, and three sons, Melvin, Edward and Cleo. Mr. Schenck was a man who was well known and held in high esteem in his home community. He was a life-long member of the Lutheran church. Interment was made at Clearfield on Sunday afternoon.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion—Burdock Blood Bitters. At all drug stores. Price, $1.00.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.

The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus—puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used, as it lays as a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashion bug killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

$3.00 SUNDAY EXCURSION

WASHINGTON

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7

A Rare Chance to Visit the National Capital

SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES

Bellefonte	November 6 10.00 P. M.	Rising Springs	November 6 11.20 P. M.	Vicksburg	November 7 12.42 A. M.
Lemont	10.30 P. M.	Coburn	11.46 P. M.	Lewisburg	12.54 A. M.
Oak Hall	10.35 P. M.	Glen Iron	November 7 12.08 A. M.	Northumberland	1.14 A. M.
Linden Hall	10.44 P. M.	Millmont	12.30 A. M.	Washington	Arrives 6.55 A. M.
Centre Hall	11.02 P. M.	Mifflinburg	12.34 A. M.		

Returning Special Train will leave Washington ..... 4.15 P. M.

The Trip of a life-time. An education as well as a delight. An opportunity to see "The Heart of the Nation" a city of magnificent distances, unlike any other city in the country.

An Ideal Sunday Outing

Only $3 for the Round Trip

See the New National Museum, Library of Congress, Capitol Building, Washington Monument, Botanic Garden, and the varied sights of Washington, "The City Beautiful."

Tickets on sale beginning Friday, November 5. Consult Ticket Agents, or David Todd, Division Passenger Agent, Williamsport.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Neal of the Navy

By

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

(Copyright, 1918, by William Hamilton Osborne)

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, some in Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. He agrees to steal the papers for them but accidentally sets fire to the Hardin home and the brute-man rescues Annette with the papers from the flames.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

THE TATTERED PARCHMENT

CHAPTER XVII

The Return of Inez Castro.

Out of that holocaust—the useless conflagration that destroyed the old Hardin cottage at Seaport—Annette saved something. She saved the links that bound the present to the past—the identifying objects that made her one with the little child who had been saved years before from the ruin of St. Pierre.

"Whatever they mean," she told her foster mother, "they'll help me find my father; they'll help me find Lost Isle. And I have a strange presentiment that I'll find him at Lost Isle and not before."

They were seated, these two, in their temporary place of abode.

"Who rescued me that night?" she queried. "How did I get out of the house at all; who did that?"

Her foster mother shook her head. "Nobody knows, Annette," she said.

She lit a small alcohol lamp underneath a tiny tea kettle. "Watch it, Annette," she said, "it's so small it may boil over."

Boil over it did later, and with peculiar consequences. Mrs. Hardin measured out a quantity of Ceylon tea, and then held out her hand.

"Let me see the map of Lost Isle again, Annette," she said. "It seems a shame we can make nothing of it."

It was strange, for at first glance the map seemed quite worth while. It was traced upon an ancient piece of parchment, old and yellow. At the top was this inscription:

"LOST ISLE OF CINNABAR."

"Cinnabar," repeated Mrs. Hardin. "Seems to me I've heard of such an island."

Annette shook her head. "I've looked it up. Cinnabar is not a place, it's nothing but an ore."

The older woman continued her scrutiny. "Here's the mine marked on the island with a cross—what kind of a mine—what's cinnabar?"

"Quicksilver ore," returned the girl. "It must be a quicksilver mine."

"Nothing else upon it, except the words 'Stone castle,' nothing else."

The girl sprang to her side. "Yes," said the girl, "these two other words below."

She placed her finger upon them. They were two small words near the lower left-hand corner of the map:

Latitude.

Longitude.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Hardin, "but what latitude and what longitude?"

Annette smiled. "That's the point, it doesn't say. That's what I've got to find out, but I'll find out, never fear."

Mrs. Hardin lit a lamp, placed the map flatly upon the table, and examined every nook and corner of it. "Well," she said at length, "I've scoured the map and I can't make head nor tail of it, so we'll have some tea."

She placed her hand upon the handle of the little tea pot. She drew it away suddenly, for it was unusually hot. Her hasty movement dislodged it from its moorings and the boiling water spouted out over the table. Most of the boiling water spouted on the map. Mrs. Hardin snatched the map away and wiped it with her kerchief. Then she handed the map to Annette. "Get it out of my sight before I scour the whole thing off the face of the earth," she said. Then she stopped. "Annette," she went on, sharply, "what's the matter?"

Annette was pointing to the map. "Look! look!" she cried.

Well might she exclaim, for there, upon the yellow surface of the parchment, where only half a dozen words had appeared before, there now appeared a multitude.

"Latitude 18 degrees, 30 minutes north; longitude 123 degrees, 40 minutes west. Granted to Ilington, Spanish-American explorer, for distinguished service by Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, in the year 1809; the original grant being in possession of the fathers of the Santa Maria mission in Lower California, to be surrendered to the heirs of Ilington upon proof of identity and presentation of this map."

Annette stared at it. "Jove!" she finally exclaimed, "Lost Isle is Lost Isle no more, thanks to a tea kettle full of boiling water; but, look, look, it fades again."

"Fades as it cools," said Mrs. Hardin.

The door opened stealthily. Joe Welcher entered. "Joey," cried Annette thoughtlessly, "tell us—where's 18 degrees latitude. You can pass examinations. And 123 degrees longitude. Right off the reel."

Joe Welcher mistook the inquiry for more airy persiflage. He failed entirely to connect it with the map. He strode to the table. The map still lay there but now upon its face appeared none of the recently revealed inscriptions, it was as blank as it had been before. Welcher's fingers itched to get hold of the map. He needed it in his business, for his business just now was keeping out of trouble. He stretched forth a hand to take it.

"You and your old map," he said, with an attempt at jocularity, "it's like a game of solitaire. Let me look at it again."

Annette folded it up and thrust it into her bosom. "Not so, Joey," she returned. "It's never going to leave my possession again. It's precious to me now."

A sudden light broke in upon Joe's understanding. He peered at her cunningly. "What's that you were saying about latitude and longitude?" he queried.

"Never you mind, Joey," laughed Annette, "all in good time you'll know. What's on your mind?"

"How did you know anything was on my mind," replied Welcher. "Well, you're right. There's an old friend of yours downstairs, just come over from New York—Miss Irene Courtier."

"We'll tidy up, then you can show her up," said his foster mother. She swept Annette's belongings into a huge old-fashioned valise. She had no sooner finished than Inez Castro entered the arena of events.

"I read about it, just a line in the shore notes of a New York paper—the fire. And you were utterly destroyed; you saved nothing, as I understand?"

"Nothing but Annette's valuables," returned Mrs. Hardin.

"What next do you do—where now do you go?" inquired Inez.

Mrs. Hardin's eyes glowed. "I—we shall go to Neal; for the present anyway, we have no other plans. We can live near him for a little while at least."

"And Neal is—?" queried Inez. Mrs. Hardin told her—at the Naval Training school at Newport.

Inez clapped her hands. "The long arm of coincidence," she cried; "my father and I, we have our little villa at Newport, as you had your little cottage at Seaport. And you shall visit me, as I visited you. You shall visit me—and you Annette Ilington—at my villa, in Newport. Good."

It is to be said of Inez Castro that she was universally resourceful. She had no father. And as for a villa at Newport—she had never thought of such a thing until that instant. Her villa at Newport was a castle in the air.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Scar Face.

Welcher, upon the advent of Inez Castro, had left the room. Inez had handed him a slip of paper—one that he was anxious to peruse. He went below to read it. It was another little seductive note from her, asking him to meet her once again at their trysting place—Lonesome Cove inn, three miles south of Seaport.

Fortified with proper stimulants, Welcher made his way at once to that hostelry.

At last she came. Welcher sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"You've got to let me see you often—often, do you understand," he said.

"Let me tell you, charming one," said Inez, "that what happens cannot be helped by me. I have a husband, have I not? A hard master, this Hernandez. When he commands, I must obey. If I fail—"

She looked up. She rose. The door was still shut, but within the room, crouching behind Welcher, were three interlopers—Hernandez and his two companions, Ponto and the brute.

"What are you doing here?" cried Welcher, stepping back. "I thought I locked the door."

"You are fond of locking doors, friend Welcher," said Hernandez, "but this time you merely turned the key—a key which doesn't lock. I have rights here, I imagine. Since my wife sees fit to enter, I enter also. May I inquire of my fair wife," he proceeded suavely, "what the heiress, Annette Ilington, intends to do?"

"None of your business," snapped Joe Welcher, in return.

"May I inquire of you, sir, then," went on Hernandez, "what you intend to do?"

"That's none of your business, too," said Welcher; "but if you want to know, I'm going to Annapolis. I'm going to join the navy."

"Listen, friend Welcher," said Hernandez, "you have failed us once. If you fail us again we will have you broken. We want that map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar—we want every identifying thing that came aboard the Princess with Annette Ilington, the child, and you must help us get it. Understand?"

Hernandez pointed toward the door. "Annapolis," he said "then report to us at Newport in due course."

Before Welcher was able to report to Hernandez or to Inez Castro at Courtier villa, in Newport, other things happened.

A week later Neal Hardin, in his apprenticeship seaman uniform, hurried from his training ship to the railroad station in Newport, and waited half an hour for a belated train. He was unprepared for the sight that met his eyes when the train pulled in. Annette was more than a dream—she was superb. Neal seized as many suitcases as he could manage, motioned to a porter to bring the rest, and led his little crowd toward the street car.

Inez Castro called after him. "Where are you going?" she demanded. "This is our vehicle. Pile in."

It was a huge gray motor car.

"Yours?" queried Annette.

Notwithstanding the fact that Inez had never seen the car before, she nodded.

"One of mine," she said.

At the villa Inez turned her guests loose and bade them do as they pleased. Neal and Annette immediately left the pleasing but unnecessary society of the others and wandered through the rose-lined paths behind the house.

Annette started suddenly. "Look, look. Quick!" she commanded.

Neal looked. Fifteen paces to his right there was a clump of bushes, and peering from this clump of bushes there was a human face, sinister, forbidding. Without a word Neal leaped in the direction of the face and dodged around the bushes.

Luck favored the pursued and was against the pursuer. A taxicab came whirling around a corner, and the interloper leaped upon its step, opened the door and flung himself inside, giving a quick order to the driver.

Hernandez Tore Open Annette's Waist.

Neal retraced his steps and Annette handed him a scrap of paper that the man had dropped during the struggle. It was a crumpled bit of letter, and what there was of it read like this:

. . . note you are now located at the "Crooked Crag" . . . and that the place is safe. Ten pounds heroin shipped today. The consignment of cocaine follows immediately.

"Did you recognize that man?" said Neal, breathlessly. "He was the smuggler that got away that night in Seaport. I remember him particularly by the scar upon his face."

Annette started. "I had forgotten," she returned. "The scar upon his face."

CHAPTER XIX.

At Crooked Crag.

Hernandez, the gentleman adventurer, the clever smuggler of cocaine and heroin, established his headquarters at the Crooked Crag. The proprietor recognized him for what he was; there was a secret compact, unspoken, but well understood, between the two.

Hernandez had located himself in the secret, sound-proof room at Crooked Crag. He was talking over the telephone.

"It was a false move," he conceded. "I should have steered clear of your Newport villa. If it hadn't been for the apprentice seaman, I might have turned a trick. As it is, I am afraid to show myself. I think we will have to wait for our yellow-blooded friend to return from his failure at Annapolis."

With the scrap of paper in his possession Neal had excused himself to Inez, and had started back to his training station with a definite purpose in view. Once arrived there, he handed the crumpled slip of paper to the officer in command and told his story.

But all this went on unknown to Hernandez. He had not missed the scrap of paper.

Half an hour later on a wharf in Newport there drew up a very capable little motor boat. Inez and her young friend, Annette Ilington, boarded her. They gave a signal and the launch plunged her nose into the sea.

For half an hour or so everything went well.

But suddenly above the chugging of the exhaust Annette heard a groan at her side. Inez was hanging limp over the arm of her wicker chair.

"What is the matter?" cried Annette, alarmed.

"I am ill, so ill," groaned Inez. "I was a fool to come out in a sea like this."

"We'll go back," said Annette.

"No," said Inez. "We must land. Another half hour of this I think would kill me."

In a moment they were gliding through the quiet waters, and in two moments more had reached the dock at the head of the inlet. Above them towered a huge, crooked granite shaft, and nestling against it like another shaft was the Crooked Crag hotel.

"I must rest," groaned Inez. "I must lie down—I am ill, terribly ill."

Annette rapidly leaped from the motor boat, tripped up to the little dock and nimbly ascended the rustic steps that led to the hotel. She was met half way by the proprietor, Solinger himself.

"Yes, miss," he called to her; "something urgent, I perceive."

"My friend, Miss Courtier, is ill," said Annette. "She is in the launch below. Can you help me?"

"With pleasure, miss," said the proprietor.

With him at her side, Annette retraced her steps. The proprietor entered the motor boat and bent over Inez. He nodded to himself, as though recalling a description.

With an easy swing they carried Inez out of the boat, along the dock and up the rustic steps.

"Have you a physician in the house?"

"We have everything—everything at Crooked Crag," returned the proprietor, with an insinuating smile.

He summoned other servitors and nodded to Annette.

"It is two flights up, miss," he said to Annette.

Giving innumerable directions and climbing at the head of the little group behind him, he finally reached the third-story room.

"If the doctor is about, will you send him?" said Annette, bowing the proprietor and his two men from the room.

"At once, mademoiselle," said the proprietor, with a low bow.

There was a knock upon the door.

"Come in," said Annette.

Two men entered, one of whom, a man with a neatly-trimmed Van Dyke beard, drew Annette to the window, inquiring gravely about the case. While her attention was thus occupied the other man seized the recumbent figure upon the bed and bore it from the room. Annette caught a glimpse of his huge shoulders just as he disappeared.

"What is he doing?" she demanded. "Where is he taking her to?"

The other man bowed. "To a physician," he returned, "as you requested."

He crossed the room and deftly locked the door, putting the key in his pocket.

"But you are a physician," exclaimed Annette, alarmed.

He tore from either side of his face a thin strip of hair, leaving beneath it smooth shaven jowels. He still wore a mustache and goatee. Then he turned to her, and his face was the face of the man in the shrubbery at the Newport villa, the face of the smuggler of cocaine, captured at Seaport and escaped again.

"I am not a physician," he conceded. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," she answered, retreating to a corner.

He laughed. "I am a man with a saber cut upon my face," he said, pointing to it. "You were to look out for me. Here I am. Look out."

"What do you want of me?" she demanded.

Hernandez lit a cigarette. "Nothing that is not mine," he said. "I was a partner of your father's."

She started. "Where is my father?" she demanded.

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Dead these many years; God rest his soul," he said. "I was his surviving partner and to me belongs the assets of the firm. One of those assets you carry on your person next your heart, the map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar. I know you have it. I suspected you [illegible] here just to get it. You will [illegible] it now to me."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said Annette. She drew a long breath and screamed aloud.

"Useless," he said. "There is no one within range of your beautiful soft voice." He took out his watch. "Let me remind you, senorita," he remarked, "that my ancestors were of the inquisition. I will give you five minutes to make up your mind. I shall leave you alone, you may make up your mind by yourself. If at the end of five minutes you have failed, you must take the consequence."

Inez Castro's handbag was lying on a dressing table; to her it was the hand bag of Irene Courtier. She opened it and drew forth a card engraved with the latter name, together with a little silver pencil. She wrote hastily upon the card:

"I am Annette Ilington. I am confined in a second-story room in the rear of this building—the barred room where you see the handkerchief. Look up."

She thrust the card between the bars and dropped it. It fluttered down beyond her sight. Then she tied her handkerchief to the lower end of one of the bars. As she finished she heard a rattle at the lock of the door and Hernandez entered the room.

CHAPTER XX.

Cornered.

The ensign in the bow of the naval launch scanned the coast line with care.

"This Crooked Crag hotel is an uncanny place," he said. "They've probably got lookouts posted everywhere. We'd better land half a mile away and take them from the rear."

His brother ensign grunted. "Dollars to doughnuts we're on a wild goose chase," he said. "If there's any place that covers up its tracks it's Crooked Crag. You're right though, we'll take them from the rear."

They landed half a mile up shore and as quietly as possible tramped for a mile through underbrush in the general direction of the granite rock which stood out clear above the tree tops. They halted on the edge of the clearing, from the center of which rose the hotel itself.

"Form a circle," said the ensign, "surround the place, and all close in at once. No matter what happens, don't let anybody get away."

One of the ensigns beckoned to Neal. "Come with me," he said, "you know the man we're after and can describe him. I'll need you and about three more besides."

With rhythmic, ringing steps, the little squad crossed the clearing, darted up the rustic staircase and tramped across the veranda of the hotel. Solinger met them at the door.

"Yes," gentlemen," he said, bowing, "what can I serve you?"

"Serve us nothing," said the ensign sternly. "We are looking for a smuggler that you have got. He is here. We know he is here and we are going to get him."

Meantime Hernandez had entered the room where he had confined Annette. Once more he locked the door behind him and without a word crossed the floor toward her. Annette had made up her mind just what to do. She must fight with a woman's weapons and she had a woman's weapon—a hat pin.

She waited until Hernandez was within three feet of her, then she raised the weapon and sunk it deep into his outstretched arm.

His face white with anger, Hernandez caught her roughly by the throat. But he had forgotten something—forgotten that she had inherited tremendous strength. Young and graceful as she was, her every muscle was well trained. With one strong sweep of her arm, she threw him off and then plunged into a fight, the fight of a wildcat against a wolf. She tore at his face and head, clutching for his eyes, trying for a hold upon his ears. Time and again she repulsed him, then with one wild clutch she caught him by the hair and held him with a strong grip of her right hand while she pummeled his face with a small but energetic left.

Hernandez retreated to the door, unlocked it and gave vent to a low whistle. His whistle was immediately answered. Ponto entered the room, dragging with him the huge brute.

"Seize her," he demanded of the brute.

The girl stared at this huge figure with terror in her eyes.

The brute started across the floor, and then whimpering, with hands hanging at his sides, turned away from her. Hernandez nodded to his assistant, Ponto. Ponto drew his ever-ready whip and lashed the brute into obedience. The huge man, still whimpering, caught the girl in his arms and held her.

Hernandez, without the slightest compunction, tore open Annette's waist.

"You vixen," said Hernandez between his teeth, "I will get that map if I have to flay you."

Meantime, one by one, on the lower floor, the ensign's cohorts had struggled in. Each saluted as he came.

"It's no use," they whispered to the ensign, "Solinger's got us beat. We can't find anything."

Neal was the last to come. He had made a thorough search.

A seaman ran lightly up the steps into the office and saluted.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I found this in a crevice in a rock behind the house. It looks bad, sir."

He handed over the message which Annette had scrawled upon the card of Irene Courtier—the message that she was confined in an upper room, the [illegible] the barred window in the rear.

"The handkerchief is tied there, sir," exclaimed the seaman, "and I feel sure that we can locate the room."

The ensign read the card and handed it to Neal. Neal touched his hat.

"May I—do I have to wait for orders, sir?" he cried.

"No," roared the ensign.

They reached the third floor corridor and darted into an open room and thrust heads out of an unbarred window. The sailor plucked Neal by the sleeve.

"There," he whispered. "It's next door to this. The two windows, the bars and the handkerchief tied on. Come on."

They darted out once more into the corridor. There was no door, no opening; but this mattered not to Neal. He stepped to the far end of the hall and seized a fire ax, which hung

"You Shall Visit Me at My Villa at Newport."

there in a rack. Then he darted back and with ringing strokes began his assault upon the wall. Suddenly from within he heard a woman's shriek.

"Neal," cried Annette's voice within, and it was the voice of a girl beside herself with agony and fear. "Neal, it is I—Annette. Come, for God's sake, come."

Neal delivered one more crashing blow, then he motioned to his fellows.

"Come, boys," he said, "there's not a second to lose. This thing has got to go."

The corridor was fairly broad. The little squad of sailors withdrew and huddled against the opposite wall. Then as one man this human battering ram lunged and lurched across the hall and propelled itself against the already splintered partition.

With a crash the secret door went down and with a bound Neal was in the room. Annette, her dress torn, her hair dishevelled, struggled with the brute in one corner of the room. Ponto had released her. With a bound he crossed the room and jerked aside the fireplace, disclosing a secret exit. He crawled through the aperture and disappeared.

Hernandez, stupefied with astonishment, yet had an expression of triumph and glee upon his face. He was thrusting a yellow parchment into his pocket. Annette with a final struggle slipped from the brute's grasp and darted toward Hernandez, calling to Neal.

"Neal, Neal," she cried, "he's got my father's map."

With one spring Neal was upon Hernandez. He snatched back the hand with which Hernandez was pushing the map into his pocket. The map came out torn and crumpled. Annette, beside herself, snatched at it with both hands. Neal grabbed at it and also got a hold. Hernandez still held it in his iron clutch.

All this took place in an instant. In another instant the three had fallen back, each in a separate direction. The map had parted and each clutched a piece of it.

Hernandez, with an oath, turned and dived into the secret passageway.

Five minutes later the fastest boat along the shore—the boat which Inez Castro called her own—was chug-chugging out to sea with three figures huddled in her bottom—the brute and Ponto and their chief, Hernandez. They had wriggled somehow through the surrounding circle, had zig-zagged in and out of shots—had made good their escape.

When the chase was over Neal returned and half apologized to Inez.

"Sorry, Miss Courtier," he said, "but they've made away with your fast motorboat. We couldn't get to ours in time. We landed half a mile or so just up the shore. How do you feel?"

"Better," exclaimed Inez. "It's the excitement, the noise, the pistol shots—they have made me well again."

Neal thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled forth a crumpled piece of parchment.

"What did you get, Annette?" he inquired.

Annette thrust her hand into her dress and pulled forth her own tattered portion. Inez, watching, bent her head to listen. Neal and Annette spread their two pieces of the map out upon the little stand. Between them they had the bulk of the lower portion of the map. It was a blank surface, save for three things—a little tail of the island sticking down and the words "longitude" and "latitude," and nothing else. Annette laughed in glee.

"We've got everything we want," she said to Neal. "What is here is important. What the man with the saber cut upon his face has got is of no use to him or us. We beat him to it, Neal, we beat him to it."

Over on the bed Inez, in her crouching attitude, still listened, wondering

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Democratic rooster seems to have lost a few feathers.

Now that the election is over, let the bench be absolutely divorced from politics.

The fellows who made it are glad and the ones who lost are sad. Which is the old, old story of life all through.

On Wednesday morning the defeated candidates had ample opportunity to reflect on the number of liars there really are in this cold-blooded world.

Anyhow, so long as the women do not have a vote there will be little likelihood of a flood of affidavits by women charging one another with demands for heavy campaign assessments.

With men making affidavits in which they give the lie to one another, the only deduction that can be made is that somebody is guilty of perjury. And that's a pretty stiff price to pay for a little bit of political glory.

The one feature that stands out conspicuously in the affidavit mess that marked the close of the campaign is that Landlord Long is pretty certain not to get a liquor license for another year for that Rebersburg Hotel.

Results at Tuesday's elections in a number of sections clearly foreshadow the drift of the tide. The country is shaping up for a return to Republican principles at the national election next year. Upon all sides there is evidence that the people are merely waiting for the opportunity to elect a Republican President. Such business revival as we have had in recent months is due to war orders from abroad. This condition is well understood by the people and will not lull them into a state of indifference. On the contrary there is every indication that this year's Republican victories are but the forerunners of even greater Republican triumphs in 1916.

JUDGE-ELECT QUIGLEY.

The defeat of Judge Orvis at Tuesday's election was no surprise. For some time past it had been apparent to impartial observers that the drift of sentiment was against him. Various elements contributed to his defeat, but uppermost and above all was the fact that this is a Republican year, that party lines were followed in the voting, and that he was handicapped by a long-standing sentiment against a second term for Judges in Centre County. His two immediate predecessors on the bench experienced defeat on the second term issue, and seemingly sentiment on the subject is no different today than was the case ten or twenty years. We believe we are within the bounds of truth and accuracy when we say that the second term feature, more so than any other, encompassed the defeat of Judge Orvis.

Judge-elect Quigley has been elevated to the highest of honors. He has been chosen to the bench for a term of ten years. He should be supported and encouraged by the best wishes of all the people of the county. It is not to be expected that he will enter upon his new duties familiar at once with all of their exactions and requirements or that he will be able to handle them with that ease and confidence that comes only with years of experience. To expect other than this would be unfair and unreasonable. The future alone can testify as to the wisdom of the decision of the people as expressed by them at the polls on Tuesday. Meanwhile, however, it should be borne in mind that his individuality and personality end when he takes the oath as Judge, for on that day he becomes the Judge of all the people of the county, and this being the case he should and we believe will have the sincere and best wishes of all the people for a successful term on the bench.

Judge Orvis will retire with the knowledge that by both supporters and opponents in the recent campaign his ability and qualifications have never been questioned but on the other hand have frankly been conceded. As with his father before him he was endowed with poise and judicial temperament that so admirably fitted him to preside over the courts. It is to be assumed that he will return to the practice of the law and that in the natural course of events will be a conspicuous figure among the Centre County bar for many years to come.

A disease peculiarly fatal to judicial candidates has been diagnosed as secondtermitis.

LARGE BARN BURNED

Live Stock, Grain and Implements Destroyed by Fire at Penn Hall.

The large barn on the Mary Fisher farm, at Penn Hall, tenanted by William Sinkabine, was completely destroyed by fire last Friday night. Virtually all the contents of the barn were burned. Included were seven horses, some young cattle and hogs, a large quantity of grain and feed, also all of Mr. Sinkabine's farming implements except his mowing machine. The only live stock to escape were some cattle, which were in the barnyard.

When the flames were discovered they had made such headway that their progress could not be checked. Everything possible was done but the blaze increased and soon the large building was but a heap of ashes. Mr. Sinkabine carried some insurance.

Spanish Veterans Entertain.

A very delightful function and one that was greatly enjoyed by the many who attended was the chicken supper held last Monday evening by Lieut. Geo. L. Jackson Camp No. 70, United Spanish War Veterans, in Gregg Post rooms. The place was prettily decorated with flags and photographs of past and present veterans of the Civil and Spanish American wars. On a raised platform was placed the handsome charter of the Camp, draped with an American flag presented by Department Commander William P. Messinger, of Harrisburg. Under command of A. J. Nealis, commander of the Camp, members of Gregg Post were marched to the altar while the orchestra played an inspiring war tune. The Department Commander, escorted by Old Glory in the hands of Color Sergeant Hampton formally mustered Gregg Post into the U. S. W. V. Clement Dale, Esq., on behalf of the citizens, thanked the Spanish war veterans for the honor. The charter was then presented to the Camp and Quartermaster Daly accepted it with a few well chosen remarks, during which he referred to the death of Lieut. Jackson in the Phillipines and also Musician Frank Taylor. Comrades Breeden, Campbell and Mansfield, of Hunt Camp, Pittsburgh, also gave interesting talks. Cheers were given lustily for Gregg Post and guests of the evening.

Girl Struck by Train.

Miss Edna Rockey, of Sugar Valley, a student at the Lock Haven Normal School, was struck by a freight train last Saturday evening and injured painfully but not seriously. With several friends she was returning from a masquerade party and was standing at a railroad crossing near the entrance to the Normal School grounds while a freight train passed by. She apparently did not realize that she was standing within a few inches of the track on which another freight train was approaching. The locomotive struck her a glancing blow on the head, fortunately tossing her to one side instead of upon the track. She was picked up in an unconscious condition and blood was flowing from a cut over her left eye. She was removed to the home of an aunt, with whom she has been living while attending school. It is believed that she will soon recover.

Rural Route Changed.

A change in one of the State College rural routes has been announced to become effective November 16th. State College Route No. 2 has been transferred to Bellefonte, making Bellefonte instead of State College the starting point for delivery. It will be known as Bellefonte Route No. 4. Scott Meese the present carrier for State College Route No. 2 will be transferred to Bellefonte and become the carrier for Bellefonte Route No. 4.

Was Heading for Snow Shoe.

A 10 years old boy who was recently placed in the Boy's Industrial Home at Williamsport by the poor board of Snow Shoe, last week concluded that he liked living at Snow Shoe better than at the Lumber City, so he escaped from the home and started back for his old stamping ground. He was apprehended by the railroad police at Lock Haven, but the Williamsport authorities were slow in going after him and he was released and had started again for Snow Shoe before they arrived.

Rockview Station Burned.

The Pennsylvania Railroad flag station at Rockview was totally destroyed by fire last Saturday night. The origin of the blaze is not known. When the fire was discovered the flames had spread over the floor of the building. There being no available water supply the flames could not be checked and the building was destroyed.

Mrs. Burns Crider returned home last Saturday night from Bethlehem and Philadelphia.

THE HAUNTED PORTRAIT

How the Ghost Was Unearthed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The Baker homestead stood on a hill and alone. It was a bleak looking place in winter and after David Baker's death was suffered to fall into semi-decay. David Baker's nephew, Edward, went there occasionally in the autumn to use the place for a hunting box.

One autumn he persuaded his friend James Laidlaw to go there with him. There was a portrait of Nicholas Baker hanging on the wall, and during an evening, after a hunt, the following conversation occurred between the two men while they smoked:

"Do you really mean that you wish to sell your uncle's portrait?" asked Laidlaw incredulously.

"Yes," returned Baker shortly.

"One doesn't usually sell family portraits," hinted his friend.

Baker lighted another cigar and pushed the box toward Laidlaw.

"Of course I would not dream of such a thing," he apologized, "but"—He glanced quickly at the great oil painting over the mantelpiece.

"But?" prompted Laidlaw.

"The confounded thing has got on my nerves!"

"How?"

"It watches me."

"All portraits appear to do that."

"I know what you mean, Jim, but this is different. The eyes not only watch me continually, but they change expression. Sometimes they positively glare at me murderously." He shivered.

"Better close the place and go away."

"I did last spring, but I haven't been able to keep even a caretaker here, and then, you know, came that series of robberies in the neighborhood, and so I'm rather sticking around to keep an eye on my own property."

"You say you can't keep any servants? You mean they believe the place is haunted?"

"That's the idea. Men and maids declare they hear footsteps and hissing whispers and all that rot."

"You haven't seen or heard anything out of the ordinary?" asked Laidlaw.

"Nothing except the eyes."

Laidlaw glanced up at the portrait of Nicholas Baker. It represented the head and shoulders of a mild eyed old gentleman dressed correctly in black. In the dimming light of the library the snowy shirt front and collar and the abundant white hair and whiskers stood out sharply.

The gray eyes gazed benignly upon the two men.

"I can't imagine your mild uncle Nicholas, looking fierce," smiled Laidlaw, looking at Ned Baker.

Baker was staring fixedly at the portrait. "Look now!" he muttered between clinched teeth.

Laidlaw looked.

"Good heavens!" he gasped in astonishment.

Nicholas Baker's face still wore the expression of benevolent pity, but the eyes were no longer gray and mild.

They were fiercely rolling in their sockets—black, black as night. Baker switched on the electric lamp, but the eyes remained the same, flashing angrily from one man to another.

"What do you make of that?" demanded Baker, poking the fire into a blaze.

Laidlaw studied the glowing end of his cigar. His hand shook a little, and he was angry with himself for feeling that thrill of horror.

He looked up at the portrait, intending to stare it out of countenance, but what he saw was a pair of kindly gray eyes regarding him fixedly.

"The deuce!" he exploded, leaping to his feet. "What ails the thing?"

Baker smiled wearily.

"It's got you, too, eh?"

Laidlaw sank back in his chair and stared at the fire.

"You thought of selling the portrait," he said at last. "Would you feel bad if anything happened to it?"

"Something will happen to it, and soon!" growled Baker.

"I've an idea," murmured Laidlaw.

Baker laughed harshly. "You needn't whisper," he gibed. "It isn't likely his ears are on duty as well as his eyes."

Laidlaw smiled quietly.

"We are dining out, I believe," he said, with a quick change of topic.

"Yes, and, Jove, it's time to dress!" Ned Baker jumped up and rang a bell.

After a long while a woman poked her head in the door. She wore a hat and cloak.

"Where is Ames, Nora?" asked Baker in a displeased tone.

"Please, sir, he's left, and Hannah and Mary and I'm going this minute. We're sorry, Mr. Baker, but it's the ghosts. We can't stand it no longer!" She vanished, and in the distance an outer door closed noisily.

Baker laughed. "I paid them today. They managed to calm their fears until the month was up. Well, Jim, I guess we'll have to close up the house and go back to town."

"I hate to lose that quail shooting," said Laidlaw, yawning.

A clock in the hall struck 6.

"We must dress," said Baker, "but first I'm going around to lock up."

"I'll go with you," volunteered the other, and he added in a low tone, "Is it safe to leave the place unprotected?"

"I'll switch on all the lights and turn Hero loose. It would be a desperate burglar who would tackle a bulldog with his reputation."

"Or a clever one," added Laidlaw dryly.

As they left the front hall to enter the motorcar which Baker had brought around to the dior Laidlaw switched off the lights from the whole house.

"What"— began Baker, when Laidlaw's grip on his arm stilled him.

"Go on out and say nothing," whispered Laidlaw, and the mystified host meekly obeyed.

As soon as they had left the gates of the estate Laidlaw spoke:

"Put out your lights, run the machine into the field yonder, in the shadow of the trees, then beat it back to the house by the shortest cut. You'll see something."

"And the dinner engagement?" was Baker's only objection.

"Can go hang."

Five minutes later they stole through the grape arbor and reached the kitchen door.

"It's open," whispered Baker, "though I locked it myself before we left!"

"I unlocked it so we could enter quietly," confessed Laidlaw. "Come now to the library, and I think we can lay Uncle Nicholas' ghost. Have you got a gun?"

"In the drawer of my desk. Evidently you consider the ghost a material one," hazarded Baker.

"Just a guess on my part."

They tiptoed through the utter darkness of the house, Baker leading the way, until they were within the velvet blackness of the library.

Laidlaw locked the door and slipped the key in his pocket. Baker had found his revolver, and the two friends groped toward each other until they met in front of the smoldering fire.

Laidlaw leaned over and smothered the embers with ashes.

"Where is the light switch?" he whispered.

"Right here, almost under my hand."

"Switch on the light when I tell you and have your gun ready."

"This is pure melodrama," groaned Baker. "Hark! What was that?"

Laidlaw's hand gripped him into silence.

Somewhere near by, seemingly in the room, came the creak of a board as if under a cautious tread.

Something moved behind the paneled walls. Even the skeptical host knew that it was not the sound of scurrying mice.

The sounds continued until they became distinct footfalls.

"Ready!" warned Laidlaw, crouching forward and facing the left end of the fireplace.

Baker's finger hovered over the button.

There was a creak as of an opened door and a gust of cedar perfumed air. And there was the indefinable feeling that they were not alone in the room. There was another presence in the library.

"Now!" breathed Laidlaw, and instantly the room was flooded with light.

Baker's amazed eyes saw his friend crouched forward, a revolver in each hand. The blue noses of these weapons were covering two men, who stared in absurd dismay while they reluctantly put up their hands at arms' length above their heads.

They were shifty eyed, evil faced fellows, with lithe, slender forms and small hands and feet.

They cursed bitterly as Baker searched them and deprived them of their weapons as well as two complete sets of burglars' tools.

The black eyed man rolled his eyes fiercely as Baker neatly tied his wrists and ankles with curtain cords. When the same thing had been done for his companion Laidlaw lowered his guns and moved to the telephone.

"I'll just call up the nearest police station—that will be New Lorimer—and tell them to come over and get this precious pair. I guess it's the end of these neighborhood robberies."

It was almost dawn when they returned to the house and faced each other across the library table.

"And now for your uncle's ghost," laughed Laidlaw, opening the narrow door in the chimney end. It was a small cupboard, with a bookshelf in the back.

They searched and found the spring mentioned by Beebe, the burglar, and when the bookcase had opened and disclosed a narrow staircase winding up they mounted the stairs until they were directly behind Mr. Nicholas Dane's portrait.

A sliding panel revealed the canvas of the portrait, and an ingenious little contrivance, of which the clever Beebe sullenly admitted himself the inventor, enabled one to pull a string, whereupon the partially cut out eyeballs of the picture flapped inside and enabled Mr. Jim Beebe to roll his wild black eyes at Ned Baker or any other intruder in the library.

It appeared that Beebe had an accomplice in the house in the person of Ames, Baker's butler. It was Ames who had discovered the secret stairway which led to an unsuspected room in the middle of the attic. This room had served as a hiding place for the burglars, and its existence was not even known to Baker himself.

In the course of time Ames was captured and, with his confederates, is serving a term in the penitentiary.

Ned Baker has no trouble in keeping servants, and Jim Laidlaw spends much time under the hospitable roof.

The restored portrait of Uncle Nicholas has been returned to its place over the mantel, and now the gray eyes do not change color. Nor will they ever again, for the secret stair has been sealed up.

Dumas' Last Jest.

Dumas the elder was the son of a general of Napoleon Bonaparte, who would take his soldiers by the breeches and fling them over the palisades to an assault.

Dumas inherited much of that same spirit. It is said that Dumas left Paris for the last time taking with him a single gold piece, which he solemnly laid on the mantelpiece of his room at Puys. Toward the end his eye wandered across the sickroom to this coin, and, pointing to it, he said to his son:

"See there! Fifty years ago when I came to Paris I had one louis in my possession. Why am I accused of being a prodigal? I have preserved and possess it still. See! There it is!"

This was Dumas' last jest.

When Jackson Dined.

When Colonel Davy Crockett was a member of congress and was at his home in Tennessee some one asked him about the dinner hour in Washington. He said the common people ate dinner at 12, the next above them at 1, the merchants at 2, the representatives at 3, the senators at 4, members of the cabinet at 5 and the vice president at 6.

"But when does the president dine?"

"What! Old Hickory?" said Crockett, anxious to fix a time that would suit his idea of Jackson's greatness. "Well, he doesn't eat till next day!"

Removing Stumps.

The German method of removing stumps is simpler and less dangerous than our way. They bore a hole in the stump and pour into it equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acids. After a few weeks the largest stumps of hard wood are eaten by the acid and easily crumbled with a pick.—New York Times.

Kept His Word.

Condemned Murderer (to lawyer)—You said you could get me off with a life sentence, and here I am to be electrocuted in a week. Lawyer—That's all right. You will be imprisoned for life, won't you? And only a month, instead of long, weary years. Be reasonable, man.—Boston Traveler.

His Cure.

A man who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says, "Poor, dear man—how I do wish he had not died!"

And They Called Him "Bonehead."

"My namesake, Heine Wagner of the Boston Red Sox, told me a story of how he endured a good roasting for being a 'bonehead' on a really bright play," said John (Honus) Wagner. "Heine was on second base, and they had a hit and run play on. He started for third, but instantly saw a soft liner going square into the shortstop's hands. Unable to get back, Heine stood still and let the ball hit him.

"The crowd hooted and jeered, and one Boston paper roasted Wagner and hailed him as 'the worst bit of ivory in the business.' They didn't realize that Heine's quick thinking had averted a double play. In getting hit he prevented the catch from being made and a double play resulting from a toss to second. As it was, the batter was protected and credited with a base hit. The batter, thanks to Heine's quick bit of thinking, scored the winning run, but for days Heine walked around facing charges of being a 'bonehead.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

They Liked the Story.

Conan Doyle related this anecdote to show how a good story can delight simple minded folk:

In a remote village the blacksmith had got hold of an old copy of a successful novel. In the long evenings he used to read it aloud to the villagers, who fairly reveled in it and listened it out patiently to the end. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the villagers were so delighted at the happy ending that they rushed off to procure the church keys and rang a merry peal, as they were wont to do when a member of their community was married.

SUFFRAGE SWAMPED

Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts Vote it Down Decisively.

Woman suffrage didn't have a look in on Tuesday. Pennsylvania returns indicate a majority against suffrage of upward of 150,000.

New York voted down suffrage by about 200,000.

Massachusetts voted against the women by 85,000 majority.

Smith Mayor in Phila.

Thomas B. Smith, Republican, was elected mayor of Philadelphia by 75,000 over George D. Porter, reform candidate. The entire Republican ticket in the city was elected.

Gospel Temperance Mass Meeting.

Every-one is cordially invited to come to the Gospel Temperance Mass Meeting to be held in Petrikin Hall, Bellefonte next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Two or more of the State officers of the W. C. T. U. will be present and address the meeting. Special music will be rendered and the various churches will join in making this a real union gospel meeting in the interest of temperance. The members of the men's Centre County Temperance League are especially urged to be present and others from over the county.

Women Qualified Remonstrants.

Women remonstrants, although they cannot be classified as qualified electors, are just as acceptable to the License Court as men who have the right of franchise, according to a decision made by Judge Staake in Philadelphia on Monday.

"The Governor And The Boss."

With the various larger cities of the country turned upside down by the various graft investigations, from corrupt politics, the removal of high officials, the recent police investigations in New York and Chicago, the people are naturally interested in knowing about "the man higher up." The Earle Stock Company at Garman's Opera House on Saturday night, Nov. 6, will offer "The Governor And The Boss" a play of political graft and corruption. There are many hearts wrung that were never known of, such it is with the mother of the politician's sweetheart in the play. The scenes between the two are pathetic in the extreme, and quite the contrast are the scenes between the political factors during their graft exposures and graft offers. Mr. Raymond Hutton, the popular leading man in the role of the prosecuting attorney, carries every scene and point with strength and conviction, especially the climaxes. The engagement is for matinee and night Nov. 6, and for the week of Nov. 8th, with change of play at every performance. Prices matinees, 10 and 20c; nights, 10, 20, 30 and 50c.

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

For regular action of the bowels; easy, natural movements, relief of constipation, try Doan's Regulets. 25c at all stores.

Good, but Risky.

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum," said the former cook, "I's done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassum; he's a mighty good provider, but I's powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kotched at it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Naturally.

Teacher—In the sentence I have just read tongue is a noun. Why? Observant Pupil—Because it is a part of speech.—Baltimore American.

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F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

Overcoats and mittens were in demand several days last week.

George and Roy Potter, of Potter Township, were here last week for their share of the frisky tribe—nit.

H. H. Goss and wife spent Sunday at State College at the A. J. Tate home.

J. Calvin Gates greeted friends along the line on the first day of the week.

Miss Nannie McWilliams is housed up with an attack of tonsilitis.

After a month's visit among the friends of her youth, Mary Jane Stewart returned last Friday to her home in Altoona.

Mrs. J. G. Bailey was a Rock Springs visitor several days during the latter part of last week, stopping at the home of her brother, W. E. McWilliams.

Phil D. Foster and family motored over from State College on Sunday and took dinner at the St. Elmo, where Mrs. Kepler prepares some most appetizing meals.

James Gummo in his Ford car motored his parents to Centre Hall Sunday to see the sweet little daughter at the Herbert Grove home. It being their first born the parents are especially happy, as is also Grandpa Gummo.

The State road machinery at Rock Springs is being stored away for the time being and the crushed stone is being shipped over the Bellefonte Central to complete the stretch of State road between town and the Glades. Supervisor Hurley has changed his headquarters from Rock Springs to the St. Elmo and consolidated crews and apparatus are in the Glades and working westward.

Chester McCormick was housed up several days last week suffering from a billious attack, but is better now.

A 25-foot concrete bridge new spans the Branch. It is a substantial structure and should add another feather in Oliver Shutt's cap as a bridge builder.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Owens all of Water Street motored down Sunday and spent the day among Pine Hall friends. Joe was as happy as a big sunflower.

The George McWilliams sale last Thursday was well attended and prices soared high. Cows brought $80 and a team of bay horses was hammered down at the $450 mark. The sale netted $2850.

John Stover spent Sunday with his mother at State College.

John Garner is quitting the Snyder farm and will be succeeded by Ed. Tyson next spring.

The Major J. I. Ross farm barn is being reroofed with galvanized iron.

Master Joseph M. Goheen, of Tyrone, is a welcome guest at the home of Grandpa W. E. McWilliams at Rock Springs. His Aunt Sara was a Tyrone visitor several days last week and the bright lad accompanied her home and needless to note he is having a rollicking, good time.

Farmer Mills Alexander, who has been confined to his bed with a broken hip, caused by a fall from a haymow, is now able to be about on crutches.

Comrade E. B. Hess, a Civil war veteran, is suffering a serious attack of sciatica and is confined to his bed. He had spent a week at Washington at the G. A. R. encampment and although 75 years old endured the strenuous outing very well. However, now he is in a critical condition.

Mt. Eagle.

John Confer shipped a car load of mine ties to the coke regions this week. Edgar Neff shipped two car loads.

E. H. Leathers tore down a part of his barn and is erecting a larger structure to make more room for his feed and stock.

Miss Ethel Bitner last Friday night made a flying trip to Williamsport to see her sister Mrs. John Barger and returned home on the Saturday evening train.

Miss Anna Deitz, who graduated last week as a nurse at the Lock Haven hospital, soon had her first case, having been called a few days later to nurse Mrs. J. W. Kurtz at Howard.

John Thomas, who is working in the clay mines at Orviston, on Wednesday got a call to report at the McCoy works for a job on brass work.

Uncle Mickey Bitner, who makes his home at Jacksonville, is visiting for a few days at the home of Mrs. Will Bitner.

Mr. and Mrs. David Thompson, who live in the ridges back of Howard, spent Sunday with Mrs. Thompson's brothers, John and Jack Leathers.

Mrs. Gummo, of Mackeyville, spent Sunday with her brother, T. G. Leathers, and his wife.

Hays Daughenbaugh, who works with the concreting crew for the Pennsy, spent Sunday here with his family.

Mrs. Albert Aikey and daughter returned Sunday morning to their home at Bellwood, after spending a very enjoyable week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Minnemire, of Coleville, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, and Mrs. Jacob Shank.

E. E. Heverly was a Bellefonte visitor last Saturday, attending to some business and calling on his son, J. O. Heverly.

Milesburg.

John Lucas, of Runville, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

Nevin Schindler, of Curtin, is spending the week with his relatives.

Verna King, of Zion, visited with Mr. and Mrs. H. Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Thompson and children, of Bellefonte, visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKinley, on Monday.

Tom Quick, of Julian, spent Monday with Edward Quick.

Mrs. Gingher, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Gault.

John Sheckler, of Snow Shoe, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

Mr. H. Gault left Monday morning for Tyrone.

Mrs. George Croll spent Sunday in Bellefonte with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rote.

Miss Ella Wagner left Tuesday for a visit with relatives and friends in Patton.

Harry Aikens, of Altoona, spent Monday in Milesburg.

Mrs. Christ Jodon and children spent Sunday in Unionville.

Clarence Mann is visiting in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Margaret Smith spent Sunday with Miss Leonore Bryan.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Filmore, Sundayed with Mrs. Mary Murray.

Misses Lola, Grace and Mary Croll, who have been visiting in Hazelton, returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward McKinley and child, of Juniata, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKinley.

Rev. S. S. Clark spent Sunday in Westover.

Miss Gladys Glenn spent Sunday in Zion.

Lamar Woodring visited in New York during the past week.

Miss Ellen Hoover, of Johnstown, visited friends in town during the past week.

Austin Robison, of State College, spent the week-end with his parents.

Kline Zimmerman, of Hecla, visited his sister Mrs. H. R. Robison during the past week.

Andrew Boggs visited in Tyrone during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane Boggs have returned to their home in Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Neff and family are visiting in Tyrone.

Ralph Thomas, of Wilmington, Del., spent Saturday with Miss Nettie Thomas.

Miss Gertrude Showers, of Bellefonte, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. H. Gault.

Mrs. S. S. Clark and two children were called to Baltimore on Saturday on account of the death of her aunt.

Mrs. H. Schindler and daughter Caroline, spent Sunday in Unionville.

Miss Ethel Letterman is visiting in Johnstown.

Miss Janette Heverly spent Sunday in Axe Mann.

Miss Grace King spent Sunday in Lyonstown.

Mrs. Lew Bullock and Miss Agusta Bullock, of State College, spent Sunday with Miss Emma Kiune.

Miss Rose Haupt spent Sunday with Mrs. M. S. Gregg, of State College.

Mr. and Mrs Joseph Shope and family, of Snow Shoe, have moved into the L. C. Bullock property, on Market Street.

Mrs. John Fulton, of Osceola, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Shroyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Quick are moving from Moose Run to the Eckenroth house.

Miss Lizzie Johnson left Saturday for Tyrone where she expects to spend the winter.

Mrs. Shenck and Miss Lula Shenck, of Howard, spent Sunday with F. L. Wetzler and family.

Saturday evening Hallowe'en was celebrated in town with a big fantastic parade. The procession was led by F. L. Baird, then came the band and next the mummers. The parade formed at Wetzler's Store, marched around Central City past the P. R. R. station down Sucker Street and over the bridge into Milesburg, up Main Street to the M. E. church and down to the Odd Fellows building where the prizes were awarded. First prize was given to 7 ghosts led by Misses Lucille Williams and Lenore Bryan; second prize was given to a suffragist "lady", Mr. Bruce Wallace; and third prize to Misses Ruth Gilbert and Mina Woomer.

W. C. T. U. Institute.

Mrs. Sylvia B. Norrish, State Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U. will conduct an Institute in Bellefonte on next Monday, the 8th, in the W. C. T. U. rooms, Petriken Hall from 9.30 A. M. to 4.30 P. M., to which the public is cordially invited as well as all the W. C. T. U. members. An interesting program has been prepared. The Institute will embrace the following unions—Bellefonte, Centre Hall, State College, Millheim, Rebersburg, Spring Mills, Tusseyville, Hublersburg, Milesburg, Pleasant Gap, Unionville and Snow Shoe. On the next day, Tuesday, Mrs. Norrish will have charge of the Institute to be held at Howard for the Blanchard, Howard and Orviston unions.

Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Haupt Bower and son, of Pittsburgh, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bower, for a week.

Mrs. A. M. Blair, of Bellantic, Ohio, is spending several weeks here with her brother and sister, H. A. McDowell and Mrs. Bennison.

Miss Myrtle Pletcher, a nurse-in-training at the Lock Haven hospital, was a home visitor last Friday.

Merrill Smith, who has been working in York state, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Della Lucas, of Altoona, was an over Sunday guest with relatives and friends

Miss Elfreida Confer, of Tyrone, was a visitor on Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Confer.

Miss Carrie Butler was a Bellefonte shopper last Friday.

Mrs. J. F. Condo and sons were Lock Haven visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mayes and daughter, Mary, were over-Sunday guests with relatives at Lemont.

Joseph Daughenbaugh visited with friends at Tyrone on Saturday and Sunday.

Vernon Johnston, of Avis, visited his parents on Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Pletcher, Mrs. Joseph Schenck and son, Horace, Mrs. David Schenck, Mrs. Bower Schenck, Miss Katie Schenck and A. A. Schenck attended the funeral of Samuel Schenck at Clearfield on Sunday.

Miss Dorothy Weber left last Friday for a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Myerstown and Mahanoy City.

Marion Pletcher was a Bellefonte shopper Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Candy and baby, of Tyrone, were Sunday guests with Mr. and Mrs. Shuman Holter.

Misses Lauretta and Helen Weber returned home Monday, after spending a week with friends in Philadelphia.

Cameron Holter, of Altoona, came home Monday to vote.

George Foresman left Thursday for Williamsport, where he will attend Dickinson Seminary.

Mack Shay, who is employed at Renovo, was home Sunday and stayed for the election (to help elect Quigley.)

W. H. Thompson was a business visitor in Bellefonte last Friday.

Misses Esther and Mildred Shay were home over Sunday.

Miss Maggie Zeigler, a milliner in Williamsport, came home Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Daugherty, of Bellefonte, visited her sister Mrs. Samuel Shay over Sunday.

H. C. Biggs, of Philadelphia, Sundayed with his daughter Mrs. G. Frank Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bechdel and son spent Sunday with friends in Beech Creek.

Misses Miriam Lucas and Clara Smith, who are attending Lock Haven Normal, spent Sunday with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Long and Mrs. Abraham Weber were Bellefonte visitors Monday.

James Bathurst, who is employed by the P. R. R. at Tyrone, was home for election.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Williams, a daughter, Thursday, October 28th.

W. E. Codfer and Mr. and Mrs. David Welch and son Leo were Sunday guests with Mr. and Mrs. Ward Confer at Yarnell.

Rev. S. S. Clark, of Milesburg, was in town Tuesday.

The masquerade party held by the members of the Howard High School last Saturday night was well attended. About seventy-five people were present. Several fine selections of music were rendered by the Howard Cornet Band. Refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, pickles, olives, pie, cakes, apples and sweet cider were served, after which one and all departed for their several homes declaring that they had a fine time and that the cider was great.

COUNTY TICKET WINS

(continued from page 1)

246.

The contests for Recorder and Register were heart breakers. For Recorder it was nip and tuck in the counting, but Brown, Republican, came out ahead by 81. Close as was the count for Recorder it was pushed into the shade by that for Register. Out of a total vote for the two candidates of nearly 9,000 Sasserman nosed out Smith, Democratic, by just 21.

Early morning returns yesterday indicated that Miller and Austin, Republicans, and Grove, Democratic, had been elected County Commissioners, but later figures reversed this and Noll, Grove and Miller proved to be the winners. The election of Gramley and Hartsock, Republicans, for County Auditors, was never in doubt. Hoy, Democratic, was elected the minority Auditor.

McCall Likely Governor.

Massachusetts returns indicate the election of McCall, Republican, for Governor over Walsh, Democrat. The vote is close.

J. HENRY WETZEL DEAD

Former County Surveyor and Prominent Citizen Passed Away Saturday.

John Henry Wetzel, one of Bellefonte's well known citizens and for some years County Surveyor, died at his late home in this place on Saturday afternoon, last, at 5.15 o'clock. His death was due to Bright's disease, from which he had been a sufferer for several years. At the time of his death he was aged 59 years, 5 months and 16 days. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from the Reformed church, of which the deceased had long been an active member. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

The deceased was born at Cedarville, Illinois, May 14th, 1856, a son of John and Susan Wetzel. On June 30th, 1886 he married Susan D. Yearick, who survives with these children: Paul and Sarah, at home; Nevin, of Pennsgrove, N. J.; Mrs. M. R. Pifer, of Nittany, and Mrs. J. M. Hartswick, Jr., of Bellefonte. Surviving also are these brothers and sisters: Oscar and Charles Wetzel and Mrs. Jared Harper, of Bellefonte; Rev. Frank Wetzel, of Stoyestown, Pa.; Lewis Wetzel, of Toledo, Ohio, and Clyde and William Wetzel, of Nelson, Nebraska.

Mr. Wetzel was a member of the Centre County Bar Association, was formerly a member of the Knights of Pythias and served two terms as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Centre County. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1898, and at the session following he applied all his talents to the proper performance of his legislative duties. In the memorable United States Senatorial fight, which ended in no election to the office, he stood in the forefront of opposition to the re-election of Quay. Under ordinary political circumstances he would have been returned to the House, because of the creditable record he made in that body, but 1900 being a Presidential year and the Democrats suffering seriously from divisions in the party on national issues, he and his legislative colleague were defeated. In 1902 he was elected by a majority of several hundred votes. At the session following his former experience as a legislator was of great advantage to him. His most important service was done in the Committee on Judiciary General and Mines and Mining. He was also a member on the Committees on Geological Survey and Constitutional Reform.

Mrs. John Fox Dead.

Mrs. Nancy, relict of the late John Fox, died at her home in Shingletown last Saturday, October 30th, at 6 o'clock P. M., from diseases incident to advanced years. Her maiden name was Straw. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Straw, pioneer settlers of that village, where she married and rounded out her life. She was well and favorably known for her many deeds of kindness. She was a member of the Lutheran church at Boalsburg from the time of her youth and was the last of her father's family to pass away, so that the Fox home is broken up. Burial was made in Boalsburg cemetery on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock by the side of her husband who died many years ago. She was the widow of a splendid old soldier who will be well remembered. Surviving is a son, Lawrence Fox, and a daughter, Annie, both of Shingletown.

Methodist Mention.

Next Sunday, November 7th, the Holy Communion will be administered at both preaching hours. The Quarterly Love Feast will be held at 6.30 o'clock, taking the hour usually given to the Epworth League. Monday and Tuesday evenings November 8th and 9th, Home Prayer Meetings, ten in number each evening, will be held in the town and vicinity. Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, and in the evening at 7.30 o'clock, and each afternoon and evening thereafter except Saturday, Revival Meetings will be conducted by the pastor. On Monday November 15th, Evangelist M. Lee Starke will come to assist in the meetings. A cordial invitation to all.

Announced Marriage at Death.

A few minutes before his death in the Hahnemann hospital in Philadelphia on last Friday night, Dr. William Wallace Chisolm, son of Dr. H. C. Chisolm, of Huntingdon, a recent graduate of Hahnemann and an interne there, took the hand of Miss Grace Bradford, his nurse and announced that she was his wife. He told the physicians and his parents that he and Miss Bradford had been married six weeks ago. The marriage had been kept secret because the hospital rules forbid women to nurse and internes to marry until their terms of service are completed.

Young People Sermons.

The sixth sermon in the Young People's Series will be delivered by Rev. W. M. B. Glanding in St. John's Lutheran church of Bellefonte next Sunday evening at 7.30 o'clock with the topic, "Young People and the Pocket Book." The subject of the morning sermon at 10.45 o'clock will be "In Step with God."

Coal for Wagon Trade.

The nearest and best Coal mined for wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S. H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W. Crider.

DO YOU LIKE NICE

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GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

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BELLEFONTE - PA.

Feeding the Hen for Eggs.

In choosing a ration for the laying hen the poultryman has several points to consider. Such a ration should be economical, appetizing and nutritious and it should contain a variety of feeds.

The ration used in feeding laying hens at the Pennsylvania State College School of Agriculture and Experiment Station is as follows:

Grain Feed	
Cracked corn	60 pounds
Wheat	60 pounds
Oats	30 pounds
Dry Mash	
Corn meal	200 pounds
Bran	100 pounds
Wheat middlings	100 pounds
Beef scrap	100 pounds

The grain feed is fed night and morning, a lighter allowance being fed in the morning than in the evening. The plan followed at the Pennsylvania Station is to feed approximately twice as much whole grain as mash grain. The mash is fed in hoppers, which for light breeds may be left open all day but for heavier breeds should be accessible only part of the day. Some grit in the form of oyster shell or ground limestone and some green food such as cabbage, mangelwurzels, sprouted oats, potato parings or ground green bone should be provided, in addition to the ration given above.

Breeding For Spring Pigs.

Swine breeders, for the most part, have their sows bred from November first to December first in anticipation of spring pigs. The average farmer does not breed until December or January, as he does not desire such early litters.

In breeding, care should be exercised to get a pure-bred boar, one which has the pronounced form desired in finished hogs, say authorities at the Pennsylvania State College School of Agriculture and Experiment Station. A boar having good strong bone, shown by his legs, a good strong back and evenness and uniformity of width, with a shoulder not extremely wide in proportion to the rest of the body and with no wrinkles or seams in his body, should be selected.

The good or bad points of a boar are usually indicated by the head, which should be of a good masculine type.

President Weds in December.

Formal announcement was made at the White House at Washington on Monday that the wedding of President Wilson and Mrs. Norman Gault will be solemnized in the latter part of December. The ceremony will be at the home of Mrs. Gault. No invitations will be issued and the guests will be limited to the immediate families.

Sale in Partition.

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, the undersigned will expose to public sale at the Court House, Bellefonte, Penna., on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1915,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., all the following described real estate, late the property of David C. Walter, deceased, situate in Spring Township, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a point in Green Street, in Bush Addition, on western line of Lot No. 143, in said Addition; thence south-westerly along said Green Street to line of Lot No. 145; thence north-westerly along line of Lot No. 145 back 150 feet to Alley; thence easterly along said Alley 50 feet to line of Lot No. 143; thence southerly along line of Lot No. 143 to Green Street 150 feet to the place of beginning; and being known as Lot No. 144, on the plot or plan of Bush Addition to the Borough of Bellefonte.

THEREON ERECTED a frame dwelling house, stable and outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—10 per cent cash on day of sale, forty per cent on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year, with legal interest, to be secured by Sci. Fa. bond and mortgage on the premises, or cash at the option of the purchaser.

HARRY KELLER,
Trustee

W. HARRISON WALKER,
Attorney.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Margaret Hartswick late of Ferguson Township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly athenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney.

A. H. HARTSWICK, Administrator, State College, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Several more girls in Bellefonte Shirt Factory. Steady employment. Inquire of S. D. Ray.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Girl wanted for general housework. Good wages. Apply to or address Mrs. Martin Bachle, 214 West College Avenue, State College.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Hoga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are ⅞ pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

LOST—Split bamboo, jointed fishing rod, in black cardboard case. May have been lost on State road between Bellefonte and Lamar, or on the road in the narrows between Lamar station and the Cherry Run bridge, along Fishing Creek. On the case was a label bearing the name, "Charles, Jr." Finder will be rewarded on returning same to Charles E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

The Romance of Elaine

Sequel to The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories.

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The morning after the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance, Marcus Del Mar swims ashore from a submarine in the bay. His mission is to recover the lost torpedo. He soon wins the confidence of Elaine. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful of Del Mar. Del Mar at last succeeds in getting the torpedo, only to have it destroyed by the little old man. Jameson is captured by Del Mar's men. Elaine rescues him. Lieutenant Woodward and his friend, Professor Arnold, attend a party given at the Dodge home, where unknowingly, Del Mar drops a note which gives Elaine a clue. In her attempt to prevent his cutting the Atlantic cable she is discovered and made a prisoner. Jameson, in a hydro-aeroplane, saves Elaine from drowning. Elaine, disguised as a man, discovers the entrance of Del Mar's wireless cave. Arnold, by a "radio detective," has discovered the wireless station. Elaine is saved by Jameson, both aid Arnold and Woodward in destroying the wireless station, but Del Mar escapes. In a deserted hotel in the woods Elaine discovers Del Mar's men at work, is captured, but escapes. When the hotel is later attacked the men retreat to the woods, where they explode gas bombs, nearly causing the death of Lieutenant Woodward and his attacking party. Elaine receives a new searchlight gun from an unknown friend. While motoring with Jameson, Elaine discovers a bomb hidden by one of Del Mar's men. They take it to Lieutenant Woodward who sends them to Professor Arnold's yacht. They are attacked by Del Mar and his men. The searchlight gun saves Elaine and Jameson who reach the yacht safely. Del Mar appears with a submarine and destroys the yacht with a torpedo. Professor Arnold and his party escape. Lured by a woman posing as a modiste Elaine is again captured by Del Mar and rescued by an old naturalist and Jameson as she is about to drift over a waterfall in a boat.

THIRTY-FOURTH EPISODE

THE HARBOR DEFENSE PLANS.

Alone in the doorway before his rude shack on the shore of the promontory sat an old fisherman, gazing out fixedly at the harbor as though deeply concerned over the weather, which, as usual, was unseasonable.

Suddenly he started and would have disappeared into his hut but for the fact that, although he could not himself be seen, he had already seen the intruder.

It was a trooper from Fort Dale. He galloped up and, as though obeying to the letter his instructions, handed an envelope to the fisherman. Then, without a word, he galloped away again.

The fisherman opened it quickly. Inside was a photograph and a note. He read:

FORT DALE.

Professor Arnold:

J. Smith, clerk in the war department, has disappeared. We are not sure, but fear that he has a copy of the new Sandy Hook defense plans. It is believed he is headed your way. He walks with a slight limp. Look out for him.

LIEUTENANT WOODWARD.

For a long time the fisherman appeared to study the face on the photograph until he had it indelibly implanted in his memory

Finally he turned and entered his hut. Hastily he took off his stained reefer. From a wooden chest he drew another outfit of clothes. The transformation was complete. When he issued forth from his hut again, it was no longer the aged disciple of Izaak Walton. He was now a trim chauffeur, bearded and goggled.

* * * * * * * *

In the library of his bungalow, Del Mar was pacing up and down, now and then scowling to himself, as though there flashed over his mind stray recollections of how some of his most cherished plans were miscarrying.

Still, on the whole, he had nothing to complain of. For, a moment later the valet entered with a telegram for which he had evidently been waiting Del Mar seized it eagerly and tore open the yellow envelope. On the blank was printed in the usual way the following noncommittal message:

Washington, D. C., August 12, 1915.

Mr. Del Mar:

What you request is coming. Answer to sign of the ring. SMITH.

"Good," muttered Del Mar as he finished reading. "Strange, what a little gold will do—when you know how to dispose of it."

He smiled cynically to himself at the sentiment.

* * * * * * * *

At the little railroad station they were quite proud of the fact that at least two of the four hacks had been replaced already by taxicabs.

It was, then, with some surprise and not a little open jealousy that they saw a new taxicab drive up and take its stand by the platform.

If the chauffeur, transformed from the lonely fisherman, had expected a cordial reception, he might better have stayed before his hut, for the glances the other drivers gave him were as black and lowering as the clouds he had been looking at.

The new chauffeur got off his seat. Instead of trying to brazen it out, he walked over to the others who were standing in a group waiting for the approaching train whose whistle had already sounded.

"I'm not going to locate here permanently," he said, pulling out a roll of bills as he spoke. "Leave any fare I claim to me," he added, passing a bill of a good denomination to each of the four jehus.

"All right, bo," they agreed.

Thundering down the platform came the afternoon train, a great event in the town life.

From the Pullman alighted a widow, in deep mourning. As she got off and moved down the platform it was apparent that she walked with a pronounced limp.

At the end of the platform the chauffeurs were still calling, while the newcomer looked over the crowd hastily. Suddenly he caught sight of the face of the widow. He stepped forward as she approached. The others held back as they had agreed and paid no attention. It was like forcing a card.

He held the door open and she entered the cab, unsuspecting. "Mr. Del Mar's," she directed, simply.

He pulled away from the station. On through the pretty country roads the chauffeur drove the heavily veiled widow until at last they came to Del Mar's bungalow.

At the gate he stopped and ran around to open the door to assist his fare to alight.

"Wait for me," she said, without paying him yet. "I shall not be long and I want to be driven back to the station to catch the four twenty-nine to New York."

As she limped up the gravel walk he watched her closely. She went to the door and rang the bell and the valet admitted her.

Del Mar was still sitting, thinking, in the library.

"Mr. Del Mar?" she inquired.

The voice was not exactly soft, and Del Mar eyed her suspiciously. Was this the person he expected, or a "plant"?

"Yes," he answered, guardedly, "I am Del Mar. And you?"

The widow, too, evidently wished to make no mistake. As she spoke, she raised her hand. By that simple action she displayed a curious and conspicuous seal ring on her finger. It was the sign of the ring for which Del Mar had been waiting.

He extended his own left hand. On the ring finger was another ring, but not similar. As he did so, the widow took the ring from her own finger and placed it on the little finger of Del Mar.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

The woman raised her thick veil, disclosing the face of—a man!

It was the same face, also, that had appeared in the photograph sent to the old fisherman by Woodward.

Awkwardly, the man searched in the front of his shirtwaist and drew forth a paper which Del Mar almost seized in his eagerness. It was a pen and ink copy of a government map, showing a huge spit of sand in the sea before a harbor, Sandy Hook and New York. On it were indicated all the defenses, the positions of guns, everything.

"Hands Up!" He Shouted.

The chauffeur had no intention of remaining inactive outside while he knew that something that interested him was transpiring inside. He had crept up by the side of the house to the window. But he could see little and hear nothing.

A moment he strained every sense. It was no use. He must devise some other way. How could he get into that room? Slowly he returned to his car, thinking it over. There he stood for a moment revolving in his mind what to do. He looked up the road. An idea came to him. There he saw a little runabout approaching rapidly.

Quickly he went around to the front of his car and lifted up the hood. Then he bent over and pretended to be tinkering with his engine.

As the car was about to pass he deliberately stepped back, apparently not seeing the runabout, and was struck and knocked down.

The runabout stopped, the emergency brakes biting hard.

* * * * * * * *

Elaine had asked me to go shopping in the village with her that afternoon. While I waited for her in her little car she came down at last carrying a little handbag. We drove off a moment later.

It was a delightful ride, not too warm, but sunny. Without realizing it, we found ourselves on the road that led past Del Mar's.

As we approached, I saw that there was a taxicab standing in front of the gate. The hood was lifted and the driver was apparently tinkering with his engine.

"Let's not stop," said Elaine, who had by this time a peculiar aversion to the man.

As we passed the driver, apparently not seeing us, stepped out and, before we could turn out, we had knocked him down. We stopped and ran back.

There he lay on the road, seemingly unconscious. We lifted him up and I looked toward Del Mar's house.

"Help!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

The valet came to the door.

Hearing me, the valet ran out down the walk. "All right," he cried, "I'll be there in a minute."

With his help I picked up the taxicab chauffeur and we carried him into the house.

Del Mar was talking with a person who looked like a widow, when they heard our approach up the walk carrying the injured man.

So engrossed had they been in discerning what the stolen document contained that, as we finally entered, the widow had only time to drop her veil and conceal her identity as the renegade Smith. Del Mar still held the plan in his hand.

The valet and I entered with Elaine and we placed the chauffeur on a couch near Del Mar's desk. I remember that there was this strange woman all in black, heavily veiled, in the room at the time.

"I think we ought to telephone for a doctor," said Elaine, placing her handbag on the desk and excitedly telling Del Mar how we had accidentally knocked the man down.

"Call up my doctor, Henry," said Del Mar, hastily thrusting the plan into a book lying on the desk.

We gathered about the man, trying to revive him.

"Have you a little stimulant?" I asked, turning from him.

Del Mar moved toward a cellarette built into the wall. We were all watching him, our backs to the chauffeur, when suddenly he must have regained consciousness very much. Like a flash his hand shot out. He seized the plan from between the leaves of the book. He had not time to get away with it himself. Perhaps he might be searched. He opened Elaine's bag and thrust it in.

The valet by this time had finished telephoning and spoke to Del Mar.

"The doctor will be here shortly, Miss Dodge," said Del Mar. "You need not wait, if you don't care to. I'll take care of him."

"Oh, thank you—ever so much," she murmured. "Of course it wasn't our fault, but I feel sorry for the poor fellow. Tell the doctor to send me the bill."

She and Del Mar shook hands. I thought he held her hand perhaps a little longer and a little tighter than usual. At any rate Elaine seemed to think so.

"Why, what a curious ring, Mr. Del Mar," she said, finally releasing her hand from his grasp.

Then she looked quickly at the woman, half joking, as if the ring had something to do with the strange woman. She looked back at the ring. Del Mar smiled, shook his head and laughed easily.

Then Elaine picked up her bag and we went out. A moment later we had climbed back into the car and were off again.

* * * * * * * *

Having left us at the door, Del Mar hurried back to the library. He went straight to the desk and picked up the book, eager now to make sure of the safety of his plan.

It was gone!

"Did you, Smith—" he began hastily, then checked himself, knowing that the clerk had not taken the plan.

Del Mar walked over to the couch and stood a moment looking at the chauffeur. "I wonder who he is," he said to himself. "I don't recall ever seeing him at the station or in the village."

He leaned closer. "The deuce!" he exclaimed, "that's a fake beard the fellow has on."

Del Mar made a lunge for it. As he did so the chauffeur leaped to his feet. "Hands up!" he shouted. "And the first man that moves is a dead one!"

Before the secret agent knew it both he and Smith were covered. The chauffeur took a step toward Smith and unceremoniously jerked off the widow's weeds, as well as the wig.

At that very moment one of Del Mar's men came up to the secret panel that opened from the underground passageway into the library. He was about to open it when he heard a sound on the other side that startled him. He listened a moment then slid it just a short distance and looked in.

There he saw a chauffeur holding up Del Mar and Smith. Having pulled the disguise from Smith, he went next around Del Mar and took his gun from his pocket, then passed his hands over the folds of Smith's dress, but found no weapon. He stepped back away from them.

At that point the man quietly slid the panel all the way open and silently stepped into the room, behind the chauffeur. Cautiously he began sneaking up on him.

As he did so, Del Mar and Smith watched, fascinated. Somehow, their faces must have betrayed that something was wrong. For as the newcomer leaped at him, the chauffeur turned suddenly and fired. The shot wounded the man.

In Reality Watching Me Closely.

It was a signal for a free-for-all fight.

Del Mar knocked the revolver out of the chauffeur's hand. With a blow of a chair, the chauffeur laid out Smith, entangled in his unfamiliar garments, shook himself loose from the two others, and made a rush for the door.

Hard after him came Del Mar and the rest, joined now by Henry the valet. One shot was left in the chauffeur's revolver, and he blazed away and leaped into the car.

"He got me," groaned Smith as he stumbled and fell forward.

On came Del Mar and the others. They caught up with the car just as it was starting. But the chauffeur knocked the gun from Del Mar's hand before he could get a good aim and fire, at the same time bowling over the man who had come through the panel.

Off the car went, now rapidly gaining speed, Del Mar had just time to swing on the rear of it.

Around the rapidly driven car he climbed, hanging on for dear life, over the mud guard and toward the running board. On sped the car, swaying crazily back and forth. Del Mar crouched on the running board and worked his way slowly and perilously to the front seat.

The chauffeur felt the weight of someone on that side. Just as he turned to see what it was Del Mar leaped at him.

* * * * * * * *

Somehow Elaine and I must have been hoodooed that day.

We had not been gone five minutes from Del Mar's after the accident to the chauffeur, when we heard a mysterious knock in the engine.

"More engine trouble," I sighed. "Pull up along the road and I'll see if I can fix it."

We stopped and both got out. There was no fake about this trouble or about the dirt and grease I acquired on my hands and face tinkering with that motor.

"Here, let me powder your nose, Walter," she said, undismayed at our trouble, gaily opening her bag. "Well—of all things, what's this, and where did it come from?"

I turned from the engine and looked. She was holding some kind of plan or document in her hand. In blank surprise she examined it.

"What do you think it is, Walter?" she asked, handing it to me.

I took it and examined it carefully. Incredible as it seemed, I figured out quickly that it must be nothing short of a plan of the new defenses at Sandy Hook.

I fell to work again, eager to get away with our dangerous prize, Elaine now and then advising me. Finally I turned the engine over. For a wonder it ran smoothly.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Elaine, turning quickly and looking up the road along which we had just come.

There, lurching along at full speed was a car. Two men were actually fighting on the front of it, regardless of speed and safety.

On rushed the car, directly at us. Just as it passed us, the chauffeur seemed to summon all his strength. He struck a powerful blow at the man, recoiled and straightened out his car just in time. The man fell, literally at our feet.

It was Del Mar himself!

"Why, what's all this about?" I asked eagerly.

Before I could raise him up Del Mar had regained his feet.

"Just a plain crook, who attacked me," he muttered, brushing off his clothes to cover up the quick recognition of what it was that I was holding in my hand, for he had seen the plan immediately.

"Can't we drive you back?" asked Elaine.

He climbed up and sat on the floor of the roadster, his feet outside, and we drove off. At last we pulled up at the Dodge hall again.

"Won't you come in?" asked Elaine as we got out.

"Thank you, I believe I will for a few minutes," consented Del Mar, concealing his real eagerness to follow me. "I'm all shaken up."

As we entered the living room I was thinking about the map. I opened a table drawer, hastily took the plan from my pocket and locked it in the drawer. Elaine, meanwhile, was standing with Del Mar, who was talking, but in reality watching me closely.

* * * * * * * *

Down the road past where we had turned, before a pretty little shingle house, the taxicab chauffeur stopped. One of the bullets had taken effect on him, and his shoulder was bleeding. But the worst, as he seemed to think it, was that another shot had given him a flat tire.

He jumped out and looked up the road whence he had come. No one was following him. Still, he was worried. He went around to look at the tire. But he was too weak now from loss of blood. It had been nerve and reserve force that had carried him through. Now that the strain was off, he felt the reaction to the full.

Just then the doctor and his driver, whom the valet had already summoned to Del Mar's, came speeding down the road. The doctor saw the chauffeur fall in a half faint, stopped his car and ran to him. The chauffeur had kept up as long as he could. He had now sunk down beside his machine in the road.

A moment later they picked him up and carried him into the house. There was no acting about his hurt now. In the house they laid the man down on a couch and the doctor made a hasty examination.

"How is he?" asked one of the kind Samaritans.

"The wound is not dangerous," replied the physician, "but he's lost a lot of blood. He cannot be moved for some time yet."

* * * * * * * *

We talked about nothing else at Dodge Hall after dressing for dinner but the strange events over at Del Mar's, and what had followed. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me that we would never be left over night in peaceful possession of the plan which both Elaine and I decided ought on the following day to be sent to Washington.

Accordingly I cudgeled my brain for some method of protecting both ourselves and it. The only thing I could think of was a scheme once adopted by Kennedy in another case.

I had a small quick-shutter camera that had belonged to Craig, and just as we were about to retire, I brought it into the living room with a package I had sent up from the village.

As soon as Elaine had gone to bed and I was alone, I opened the package. There were the tools that I had ordered, a coil of wire and some dry cells. Then I went to the table, unlocked the drawer and put the plan in my pocket.

Although I was no expert at wiring, I started to make the connections under the table with the drawer, not a very difficult thing to do as long as it was to be only temporary and for the night. From the table I ran the wires along the edge of the carpet until I came to the bookcase. There, masked by the books, I placed the little quick-shutter camera, and at a distance also concealed the flashlight pan.

Next I aimed the camera carefully and focused it on a point above the drawer in the writing table where anyone would be likely to stand if he attempted to open it. Then I connected the shutter of the camera and a little spark coil in the flash pan with the wires, using an apparatus to work the shutter such as I recalled having seen Craig use. Finally I covered the sparking device with the flashlight powder, gave a last look around, and snapped off the light.

Up in my bedroom, I must say I felt like "some" detective and I could not help slapping myself on the chest for the ingenuity with which I had duplicated Craig.

* * * * * * * *

In his bungalow, now that Smith had gone back again to New York and Washington, Del Mar was preparing to keep the important engagement he had told us about, another of his nefarious nocturnal expeditions.

He drew a cap on his head, well over his ears and forehead. His eyes and face he concealed as well as he could with a mask to be put on later. To his equipment he added a gun. Then with a hasty word or two to his valet, he went out.

By back ways so that even in the glare of automobile headlights he would not be recognized, he made his way to Dodge Hall. As he saw the house looming up in the moonlight he put on his mask and approached cautiously. Gaining the house, he opened a window noiselessly, turning the catch as deftly as a housebreaker, and climbed into the living room.

A moment he looked around, then tiptoed over to the table. He looked at it to be sure that it was the right one and the right drawer. Then he bent down to force the drawer open.

"Pouf!" a blinding flash came and a little metallic click of the shutter, followed by a cloud of smoke.

As quickly as it happened there went through Del Mar's head the explanation. It was a concealed camera. He sprang back, clapping his hands over his face. Out of range for a moment, he stood gazing about the room, trying to locate the thing.

Suddenly he heard footsteps. He dived through the window that he had opened, just as someone ran in and switched on the lights.

* * * * * * * *

Half asleep I heard a muffled explosion, as if of a flashlight. I started up and listened. Surely someone was moving about downstairs. I pulled my gun from my pocket and ran out of the room. Down the steps I flung myself, two at a time.

In the living room I switched on the lights in time to see someone disappear through an open window. I ran to the window and looked out. There was a man, half doubled up, running around the side of the house and into a clump of bushes, then apparently lost. I shot out of the window and called.

I was not the only one who heard the noise. The shots quickly awakened Elaine, and she leaped out of bed and put on her kimono. Then she lighted the lights and came downstairs.

The intruder had disappeared by this time and I had got up and was peering out of the window as she came breathlessly into the living room.

"What's the matter, Walter?" she asked.

"Someone broke into the house after those plans," I replied. "He escaped, but I got his picture, I think, by this device of Kennedy's. Let's go into a dark room and develop it."

There was no use trying to follow the man farther. To Elaine's inquiry of what I meant, I replied by merely going over to the spot where I had hidden the camera and disconnecting it.

We went upstairs where I had rigged up an improvised dark room for my amateur photographic work some days before. Elaine watched me closely. At last I found that I had developed something. As I drew the film through the hypo tray and picked it up I held it to the red light.

Elaine leaned over and looked at the film with me. There was a picture of a masked man, his cap down, in a startled attitude, his hands clapped to his face, completely hiding what the mask did not hide.

I Aimed the Camera Carefully.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" I cried in chagrin at the outcome of what I thought had been my cleverest coup.

A little exclamation of astonishment escaped Elaine. I turned to her. "What is it?" I asked.

"The ring!" she cried.

"I looked more closely. On the little finger of the left hand was a peculiar ring. Once seen, I think it was not readily forgotten.

"The ring!" she repeated excitedly. "Don't you remember—that ring? I saw it on Mr. Del Mar's hand—at his house—this afternoon!"

I could only stare.

At last we had a real clue!

In his bungalow, Del Mar at the moment threw down his hat and tore off his mask furiously.

What had he done?

For a long time he sat there, his chin on his hands, gazing fixedly before him, planning to protect himself and for revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sin Wei's Gift

The Lost Jewels of a Mandarin

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Richard Durwent looked gloomily around the disordered library, which had lost its accustomed air of quiet repose. Packing cases jostled each other, and the empty bookshelves proclaimed that their contents had been transferred.

The big mahogany table in the middle of the room was littered with writing materials, for Durwent and his friend, Angus McNair, had been making an inventory of the contents of the room and had been putting in the packing cases the few books and curios that Durwent could not bear to part with.

Durwent, traveler and explorer, had made an unwise investment, and he spoke to find himself penniless. Even the sale of his furniture and books would barely cover the amount of his debts. On the morrow the goods were to be carted away to the auction rooms and the apartment would be to let.

"You will keep the set of Kipling?" asked McNair, poising his fountain pen over the writing pad.

"Yes, but the other first editions must go, Angus. That cleans up all the books."

"Yes, and, man, you won't take it amiss if I buy in some of them for my own library?"

"Pick them out now, Angus. They'll cost the prices."

McNair laughed. "No, no. I'll take my chance with the others, Richard. It shan't be said I profited by my friend's adversity."

"Hang it all, Angus, why did I try to speculate?" fretted Durwent. "I haven't got any head for money matters anyway."

"You listened to the voice of the serpent, meaning the wily Mr. Wales," smiled McNair, pulling a battered pipe from his pocket. "He certainly trimmed you neatly, Richard. You mind I'm so sore at him that I can't speak decently when we meet."

"I'll have to make another plunge into the unknown," went on Durwent "just when I'd made up my mind to sit quietly at home and enjoy my books."

"There's Laneboro's expedition into Cochin China," suggested McNair.

"I've joined it," said the other tersely.

"You'll be writing another book and making more money—barrels of it. Hoots, mon," he went on, his Scotch accent growing pronounced as he became excited, "maybe you were thinking of retiring too soon. Your worruk's not half done in the world! Ah, I wish I could adventure forth instead of being tied down to a medical practice!"

"Come with me as physician to the expedition," urged Richard.

"I can't leave my poor people," objected McNair, and then they both laughed, for Dr. McNair's charity patients represented a hobby.

He went over to the mantelpiece and groped among the litter of ivories and bronzes.

"Have you any tobacco, Richard? Where's your old jar?"

"In the bottom of my trunk," confessed Durwent. "It's an old friend of mine, and I was afraid it might get mixed up with some of this saleable stuff. I wasn't taking any chances with it. Have a cigarette?" extending his case.

"No, thanks. What's in this jar—a pinch of 'baccy?" lifting the cover of a large bronze jar with an ivory dragon twisted around it. The cover handle was of ivory in the form of a raven. "Why, it's full!"

Durwent laughed.

"I've never even tried a whiff of it. It was given to me under suspicious circumstances, and I've neglected to empty it. Why, that tobacco must be fifteen years old. I got it when I made that trip up the Yangtzekiang, you remember?"

"I've read your book. I ought to remember," said McNair dryly. He dipped his pipe into the jar and crammed the brown powdery flakes into the bowl. "I'll try it anyway while you spin me a yarn about it."

He scratched a match and puffed slowly. Blue spirals ascended from the bowl.

"That's not bad, Richard," declared the Scotchman, throwing himself into a chair.

"You better take it, then. You can use it for emergencies, when, like the present, you can't get anything better. Take jar and all."

"No, thank you. I can't bear creepy, crawly things around," said the other, drawing on his pipe. "I'll take the 'baccy, but the jar you can keep. Tell me the story."

"It's not much of a story," returned Durwent, lighting a cigarette and sitting down on a corner of the table. "It was when I was in the upper reaches of the Yangtze, among the rocky gorges, where our boat slid and bobbed and floundered through the rapids. I had gone ashore to examine the remains of an ancient shrine, and I became separated from my servants.

"Suddenly through the underbrush there crept the pitiful apology of a man, a Chinese. He was gaunt and famished. His clothes were in tatters, and his straw shoes were worn out. He was a scarecrow, and as he came toward me on hands and knees he moaned.

"Of course I recognized the signs of starvation and thirst and a great fear. He was undoubtedly a fugitive from justice. He may have been a murderer or a bandit, but he was a human being. So I gave him to drink from my pocket bottle and dressed a gash in his head from the contents of my pocket medicine case, and later he told me his story, but that was not until under cover of the approaching darkness I had hurried him on board the boat.

"Squatting at my feet in the bow of the boat, he told me that he had been wrongfully accused of stealing treasure from his master, a rich mandarin. He had managed to escape, but his pursuers had relentlessly tracked him until after two days and nights of flight he had come upon me at the river's edge. His name was Sin Wei, and he was from the province of Szechuan.

"I promised to take him into my service, and I called upon my boy to bring fresh blue cotton garments and to give the stranger a mat to sleep upon and plenty of rice. It was in the middle of the night that I awoke and sat up in my bunk. The windows of my cabin were wide open, and the fresh breeze from the river was very grateful. At dawn we would resume our journey down the river. Now it was 2 o'clock, as I learned by glancing at my watch by the light of my electric torch. I had gone to bed very early, so felt sure I was in for a long wakeful period some time in the night.

"I lay there awhile staring at the white square of the window where the moonlight shone. Suddenly across the square came a shadow. It paused and then blotted out the light.

"My hand slipped under my pillow and tightened around the butt of my automatic pistol. I watched the window curiously, for a man was climbing in, and I felt no fear because of the weapon in my hand. I leveled the pistol at the intruder, but I was silent. I suspected it was Sin Wei, the stranger.

"I wondered what his errand was. Was he trying to murder and rob me?

"My question was soon answered. From a filthy bundle which he had strapped to his shoulders and which he had refused to be parted from he brought out this bronze jar, which he placed beneath my window. He stooped over it a long time, pouring something inside; the cover clinked and he was gone.

"Later I heard a splash in the river, and I suspected that my protege had become fear stricken and was making his escape. When daylight invaded the room I made out the shape of this bronze jar, and I noticed a strip of red paper hanging from the cover. Curiosity would be denied no longer, so I got up and examined the paper. On it were scrawled some Chinese characters expressing the gratitude of Sin Wei for his deliverance, wishing me a long life, good luck and much felicity and saying that the river gods called him.

"I lifted the cover of the jar and found it full of tobacco of an inferior quality. I've never touched it, but I've kept the jar for sentimental reasons. Very likely Sin Wei stole it from the mandarin. I dressed and went on deck, but my coolies were gathered forward jabbering excitedly. It seems they had seen Sin Wei leap from the boat in an insane frenzy of fear, and the river had carried him swiftly on her broad yellow breast. That's all, except that there has been one disturbance after another in China, and I haven't been there for several years. South Africa has been my stamping ground of late years. Now, will you accept the jar and its contents?" smiled Durwent at his friend.

"I'll take the tobacco," said McNair, going to the mantelpiece for the jar; "the receptacle you can sell or keep, as you like."

He took a piece of white paper and emptied the contents of the bronze jar. Several lumpy objects rolled out of the pile of tobacco.

"What's this?" he asked curiously, picking up one of the lumps. "Something wrapped in tissue paper. Well, mon, look at that, will ye?"

"An emerald!" Durwent stared, with unbelieving eyes, as he took the brilliant green stone in his hand. "Do you suppose it's real?"

"Aye, mon; glass never looked like that!" went on Angus in excitement as he unwrapped lump after lump and laid them before his bewildered friend. "Rubies, diamonds and a pearl, another emerald and another, that's all! All! Enough to make you independently rich for life!"

"What in thunder does it mean?" questioned Durwent.

"Mean, you idiot? It means that your protege, Sin Wei, must have looted the old mandarin for fair! And you, Richard, are an accessory after the fact. Deciding to end his miserable life, Sin Wei unloaded his loot upon you, his benefactor, and surely it comes in opportunely, eh, mon?"

"But they don't belong to me," objected Durwent, even while he knew that he could never find the owner after fifteen years of revolution and riot in China.

"You can satisfy your conscience by trying to find the mandarin, and in the meantime I don't believe he would care if you used one little emerald to save your precious effects. Eh, mon?"

"I'll do it," said Durwent cheerfully. He packed the tobacco back into the jar and locked the jewels away in his safe.

"Then I don't get the tobacco?" asked McNair ruefully.

"Not this tobacco, but I'll buy you any quantity of your favorite brand, and if the owner of the stones does not come to light you may have the choice of the stones. Now I have a pleasant errand to perform, thanks to you and Sin Wei's gift."

And arm in arm the two friends went out to notify the auction rooms that the sale of Mr. Durwent's belongings had been canceled.

TOO MUCH MONEY--MORE REFUSED

2 Kings 11:21—12:16.—November 7.

A Lesson From the Far Past on Giving For Religious Purposes—Treasurers Without Bondsmen—The Temple Repaired—Typical Application of This Event—Necessity of Return to Bible Study—Doing Our Part in Rebuilding of Walls of Spiritual Zion.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. 9:7.

SIXTEEN years passed after the incidents of our previous Study, and found King Joash in his twenty-third year. Already he had made suggestions to the priests respecting the repairs of the Temple, which was considerably dilapidated, because the people were still half-hearted in the worship of Jehovah. The idolatry of the surrounding nations still influenced them. Some of them continued to burn incense upon the altars of Baal.

Priests Poor Business Men.

King Joash found that allowing the priests to collect the money wherewith to repair the Temple produced no results. The record does not tell that the priests were dishonest in the use of the money, nor does it say that they spent the money unwisely. Possibly the people did not have confidence in the priests, and therefore did not give so freely. However, the king noted that the Temple continued to be dilapidated, and said to the priests, "Why repair ye not the breaches of the Temple?" Their reply is not given; but the royal mandate was, "Take no more money from your acquaintances." The king passed over the matter as lightly and courteously as possible, without charging the priests with embezzlement or neglect.

The Temple Chest.

A new procedure was to have an especially prepared money-chest inside the Temple Court, convenient to the worshipers who passed in and out, and under the care of the priest who served as doorkeeper. This method proved successful. The money speedily accumulated. Ere long there was a sufficiency to make the repairs and more. Further donations for this purpose were refused. The Temple was put into good order, and a general blessing followed the experience.

There is a lesson in this matter for us. People like to see results. They wish to know that monies donated for benevolent purposes are not all absorbed for office expenses. Voluntary offerings have the approval of both God and men, rather than offerings that are importuned, coaxed, begged, wheedled from saints and sinners. Whoever gives to the Lord's Cause is advantaged thereby. He not only forwards a benevolent Cause, but cultivates generosity in his own heart. "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—where the giving is voluntary.

Church begging is undoubtedly doing great harm. The remark has been made that in some churches the chief item of religion is begging for money.

The proper thought seems to be what the Scriptures inculcate; namely, that each Christian give according to his ability and interest in the work, and that non-worshipers should not be expected to give nor requested to do so. Who does not know that a large proportion of the money collected for church purposes is unwillingly given by people who are not only not directly interested in the projects, but sometimes even opposed thereto! Thus Protestant business men often give to Catholic charities rather than offend good customers. Likewise Catholic business men donate to Protestant enterprises with which they have no sympathy.—1 Corinthians 16:2.

Breaks In the Temple Wall.

Viewing the spiritual Temple, we perceive that outwardly, as represented by the magnificent churches of metropolitan cities, nothing more could be desired than what is now enjoyed. But the Scriptures portray the church conditions of our day under the figure of the Laodicean Church. (Revelation 3:15-18.) It is from the spiritual standpoint, therefore, that the Temple of today needs repairs. The majority of her educated, including ministers, have abandoned all faith in the Bible as the Word of God. Yet they are not known as infidels, but by the less harsh term, "Higher Critics," "Evolutionists." With many the faith in a personal God is shaking; and they incline to wonder whether we have not an unintelligent god—Nature—and whether mankind and all other intelligences are not merely evolutionary products.

Twentieth Century Bible Study.

The cause and foundation of this disastrous condition is not far off. The absurdities of the creeds formulated during the Dark Ages are so great that intelligent people can no longer accept them. We have made the mistake of supposing that these absurdities are based upon the Scriptures and well supported thereby. The truth is that the creeds contradict not only each other, but the Bible. To learn this, to believe this, signifies a return to Bible study with the colored spectacles of our fathers removed and with our hearts uplifted to God that He may give us the light promised to His faithful people in the end of the Gospel Age.

THE WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

Nov. 1, 1914.

Allies took Mariakerke.

Allies crossed the Yperlee and occupied Bixschoote.

Montenegrins bombarded Cattaro and advanced in Herzegovina.

Austrian movement checked at Nadworna.

Desperate fighting at Tsingtau; the city in flames.

German squadron under Admiral von Spee defeated British squadron under Admiral Craddock off Chile coast; British cruisers Good Hope and Monmouth sunk.

Turks bombarded Sebastopol.

Nov. 2, 1914.

Germans captured Messines.

Allies took Ramscapelle with bayonet.

Austro-German forces in Poland made another stand.

Russians and Turks fought near Trebizond.

Turks began advance on Egypt.

Anglo-French fleet began bombardment of the Dardanelles.

Martial law proclaimed in Egypt.

British admiralty closed North Sea to commerce.

Nov. 3, 1914.

Allies checked Germans in Argonne region.

Austrians stormed Sabao.

British cruiser bombarded Akabah, Arabia, and sailors occupied the town.

British submarine D-5 sunk by mine in North sea.

Rockefeller Foundation relief ship sailed for Europe.

Nov. 4, 1914.

Germans lost along the Yser, but repulsed allies south of Verdun and in the Vosges.

Terrific fighting in Ypres region.

Austrians defeated on entire front from Kielce to Sandomierz.

Japanese captured guns and 800 prisoners at Tsingtau.

Germans defeated British in German East Africa.

Russia began invasion of Armenia.

German cruiser Yorck sunk by mine in Jade bay.

Austrian cruiser Kaiserin Elisabeth sunk by Germans to prevent capture.

Nov. 5, 1914.

Germans repulsed at Arras and Armentieres.

Germans made further gains in Argonne region and the Vosges.

Russians captured Mlava, north of Warsaw.

England and France declared war on Turkey.

England annexed island of Cyprus.

Nov. 6, 1914.

Allies retook Soupir and captured German trenches on the Meuse and east of Verdun.

Battle raged around Ypres.

Russians reoccupied Jaroslaw, Austrians retreating along entire Galician front.

WHERE LIGHTS MOST ATTRACT

Red Is Most Visible, Seen Directly, Green When Viewed From Oblique Position.

It is strange how the color of a light makes it more or less visible, irrespective of its actual brilliancy. To test this place two lights of the of the same power—two candles of the same size will do—in two tin boxes, and in each box perforate a pinhole. Cover one pinhole with green glass and one with red and place them in a perfectly dark room.

To a normal person the green light will appear five times brighter when viewed obliquely than when viewed directly, but the red light behaves in the opposite way. Most people will pick up the green light when looking in some other direction and will be quite conscious of its presence, but when they turn their eyes directly toward it they will not see it at all. The faint red light, on the other hand will not be noticed at all until looked at directly, then it appears quite bright, but the instant the eyes are turned away from it it is gone.

Higher Than Pikes Peak.

Ask any schoolboy to give the highest point in the state of Colorado, and nine out of ten will name Pikes peak. Pikes peak is 14,110 feet above sea level, but there are many higher peaks in Colorado. Massive mountain, in Lake county, is one of the two highest points in the state, whose height has been determined by the United States geological survey and is 14,402 feet above sea level. Elbert mountain, in the same county, has the same elevation. Blanca peak, in Costilla, Heurfano and Saguache counties, is 14,390 feet high; Castle peak, in Gunnison and Pitkin counties, is 14,259 feet high; Evans mountain, in Clear Creek county, 14,200 feet; La Plata peak, in Chaney county, 14,332 feet; Quandary peak, in Summit county, 14,256 feet; San Luis mountain, triangulation station, in Mineral and Saguache counties, 14,149 feet; Uncompahgre peak triangulation station, in Hinsdale county, 14,306 feet, and Wilson mountain triangulation station, in Dolores county, 14,250 feet—all higher than Pikes peak.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

Sunset and Twilight.

Twilight is a phenomenon caused by atmospheric refraction. When the sun gets below the horizon we are not immediately plunged into the darkness of night. Although the sun is below our horizon, rays of solar light are bent or refracted by the terrestrial atmosphere and continue to furnish some slight illumination. The process continues with diminishing intensity until the sun is so far below the horizon that the refracting power of the atmosphere is no longer able to bend the rays enough to produce a visible effect. The time after sunset that the sun reaches such a position varies with the latitude of the place. There is less twilight at the tropic zone than at the temperate or frigid zone. This is due to less time taken by the sun's rays to pass through the atmosphere, at the tropic zone the sun's rays being perpendicular and at the temperate and frigid zones oblique.

Aeroplane Wings.

Various kinds of material including linen, silk, cotton, celluloid films and aluminum foil, have been tried for covering the wings of aeroplanes, but none has proved so satisfactory so far as linen covered with several coats of a rubber solution. This coating increases the strength of the linen about 5 per cent, makes it more enduring under varying weather conditions and causes it to stretch to an absolutely smooth surface, a feature that is of the utmost advantage in fast flights. Silk, which would seem to make an ideal covering on account of its lightness and strength, has been found unsatisfactory, as it does not withstand exposure to sun and rain and does not lend itself readily to the application of coating compounds.—London Answers.

A Waiting Mansion.

Perhaps there is a mansion in heaven that will always be empty—a mansion waiting to receive those who in their youth never snubbed their anxious parents.—J. J. Bell.

Save Your Money

and put it in bank. Everyone should have close relations with a well managed institution. You will make no mistake in making us your bankers.

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The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

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Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Boyd Sampsell visited with friends in Tyrone on Sunday, last.

Mrs. James A. Beaver departed on Monday for Philadelphia.

Miss Emma Waite was a guest of friends in Altoona last Saturday.

David J. Kelly visited with friends in Tyrone between trains last Sunday.

Edward Keichline came home from Renovo to cast his vote in the South ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Miller visited over Sunday with friends in Lock Haven.

Rev. Mr. Charlton, of St. John's Episcopal church, has been spending several days in Shamokin.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz was home to vote, returning to his duties at Philadelphia yesterday.

Fred Rockey departed several days ago for Milton, where he is employed by the American Car & Foundry Co.

Mrs. C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, recently spent several days here at the home of her father, C. T. Gerberich.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Furst, of New Haven, Conn., are spending a few days here with Mr. Furst's mother, Mrs. Caroline C. Furst.

Mrs. Patsy Stewart and grand-daughter, Miss Margaret Stewart, were arrivals home last week, after visiting for some time at Hagerstown, Md.

The State College High School football eleven last Saturday defeated the Clearfield High School eleven 13 to 0 in a well played game at State College.

Edward Doll, of Altoona, was in town last Saturday, coming over to attend to some business matters and also do some hunting for rabbits on Monday.

The Penn State glee club has been admitted to membership in the Intercollegiate Glee Club Council, which includes Harvard, Dartmouth, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Sarah Bogle, librarian at the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh, who has been visiting here for some time with her mother at the Forge House, departed on Sunday night for Philadelphia.

There will be a public dance tomorrow (Friday) evening in the Bush Arcade hall, beginning at 8 o'clock. Music will be furnished by Wright's saxiophone orchestra. Admission $2 per couple.

J. Norman Sherer, who is now employed by the Producers Coal and Coke Co., at Uniontown, was a visitor in town over Sunday. Mrs. Sherer contemplates going this week to Uniontown to reside.

On October 27th, at the Lutheran parsonage, Rev. W. M. B. Glanding officiating, Feron H. Russell, of Lewistown, and Miss Ruth Young, of Boalsburg, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Captain W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, was a welcome visitor in town for a few hours on Monday. Genial and happy as ever, the Captain gives Father Time the laugh and refuses to be anything but young.

Bellefonte borough Council held a brief routine meeting on Monday evening. A bare quorum of members was present. Reports of committees were received and bills for current expenses were approved.

The ladies of St. John's Reformed church will hold their annual Thanksgiving Market on Tuesday and Wednesday of Thanksgiving week. Bread, cakes, pies and the usual line of home-made articles will be on sale.

Mrs. Peter Mendis and children departed several days ago for Tampa, Florida, where she will join Mr. Mendis and make their home in the future. Mr. Mendis will operate a fruit and vegetable farm in Florida.

Bellefonte Academy football eleven will play Cornell freshman, at Cornell, on Saturday, November 6th. While a comparison of scores is not always a safe guide, the record of the two teams thus far during the present season is such as to warrant the prediction that the game will be a most interesting one.

Penn State lost to Harvard at football last Saturday, the score being 13 to 0. Penn State, according to the despatches from Boston, put up a game that deserved a better score, but after marching down the field several times the Blue and White seemed unable to deliver the final punch. Penn State managed to score a touchdown but it was not allowed because of holding. Last year Penn State tied with Harvard and this season admirers of the Blue and White were hopeful of a victory. However, as often happens on the football field, it "went the other way."

Bellefonte High School easily defeated Lock Haven High School at football last Saturday on the home grounds. The visitors were rather light as compared with Bellefonte High School, and lost out by a score of 36 to 0. Hamberger, one of the Lock Haven players, was injured in a scrimmage and was removed to the Bellefonte hospital. It developed that his back had been sprained. Next Saturday afternoon Bellefonte High School will play Lewistown High School, on Old Hughes Field. The game will be called at 3 o'clock, sharp, and should prove to be as interesting one. Let there be a large crowd in attendance. Admission 25c.

Ogden Malin is in town for a two weeks vacation.

Miss Helen Ceader visited with friends in Williamsport last Friday.

Mrs. A. Wilson Norris was a visitor to Harrisburg during the week.

Miss Sallie Fitzgerald spent the week-end with friends at State College.

Charles Kellerman was out hunting on Monday and bagged a fine red fox.

Philip Bradford, of Centre Hall, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

William P. Humes made a flying business trip to Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Mrs. James Schofield departed on Tuesday for Clearfield where she is visiting with her daughter.

Mrs. William Siegal, of Madisonburg, was admitted on Monday to the Lock Haven hospital as a surgical patient.

Horton S. Ray departed on Tuesday for New York. Mrs. Ray is visiting in Tyrone with her sister, Mrs. Conner.

Mrs. Harry Cooper and daughter, Miss Emeline, were arrivals in town on Tuesday, after spending several weeks in Philadelphia.

Miss Margaret Cooney, who teaches school at Snow Shoe, recently spent several days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cooney.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Liggett, of Philadelphia, recently spent several days here with their cousins, the Misses Linnie and Sallie Benner.

Miss Rebecca Rhoads, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Weston and son, Richard, departed yesterday on a motor trip to Indiana to visit Miss Eleanor Weston, who is a student at the Indiana State Normal School.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Brouse and their two daughters and son of Boalsburg, motored to Williamsport and spent last Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Brouse's brother, Rev. David Y. Brouse, who is pastor of one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in that city.

Nine Pullman cars arrived in town today from Pittsburgh, Harrisburg and Philadelphia, carrying visitors for the annual Pennsylvania Day exercises at State College tomorrow. Four of the Pullmans were from Pittsburgh, two from Harrisburg and three were from Philadelphia.

Grant Hoover, formerly of Bellefonte, now a prominent insurance man in Williamsport, narrowly escaped serious injury on Monday evening while driving his automobile in Williamsport. He was driving his car along Fourth Street while two new cars were being towed along an inersecting street. One of the latter cars was part way across the street and Mr. Hoover failed to observe the rope that was attached to the second car. He started his car across the intersecting street and missed colliding with the second car by the narrowest margin.

Bellefonte Academy and the Penn State freshman football elevens played a one sided game of football at State College last Saturnay, the Academy losing out by a score of 35 to 3. The Acanemy eleven was not up to its usual standard, going into the game with several of the best players on the shelf. The one-year rule is now in force at Penn State, and as a consequence the freshman eleven is of a higher calibre than in former years. Heretofore the best men on the freshman eleven have been taken with the Varsity team to the more important games, but under the one-year rule a freshman cannot play on the Varsity team. This necessitates keeping the freshman players at home and naturally they have a rattling good football machine of their own. The Academy played a good game last Saturday but lost out for the reason that they were up against a stronger team.

Earl Shreffler, the bright little son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shreffler, was painfully and seriously injured while at play in Allegheny Street, in front of the new High School building last Thursday afternoon. Just as children have been doing ever since a school building was located there and apple wagons have passed along that way enroute to the Milesburg cider press, Earl and some other youngsters were having no end of fun jumping on and off apple wagons. The wagon of James D. Wilson happened along and Earl made a dive for it. He hopped upon the wagon just as the driver tapped the horses with a whip causing them to give a sudden start or faster pace. Earl lost his hold on the side of the wagon and fell to the street directly in front of the rear wheel. The heavy wagon passed over his leg, below the knee. Earl bravely attempted to get up but found he could not stand. By pulling himself along with his hands he managed to crawl to the sidewalk where teachers from the public school picked him up and carried him into the office of Professor Wagner, the principal. Mr. Shreffler was notified and a physician was summoned. Earl was removed to the hospital where it was found that the flesh had been ripped from the bone from the knee to the ankle. Fourteen stitches were required to close the gaping wound. Fortunately the bone was not fractured. It will be several weeks before the little fellow will be able to rejoin his playmates.

J. R. Ellenberger Dead.

James R. Ellenberger, a Civil war veteran, died at Eldorado on Monday. He was born in Halfmoon valley June 13, 1841. During the war he served with Company C, 148th Penna Vols.

BELLEFONTE RESULTS

(continued from page 1)

Woman Suffrage was defeated in the borough by 158. All three wards voted against it. The North ward voted 143 for Suffrage and 197 against, the South voted 83 for and 163 against, and the West 37 for and 61 against. The total vote in the borough was: For 263; against, 421.

In the South Ward Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff and Harry Flack were elected to Council. W. E. Saxion, Republican, defeated Wm. C. Rowe, Democrat, for Constable by 15. Luther Smith, Republican, was elected Inspector of Elections over Harry Alters, Democrat, by a vote of 223 to 160. For Judge of Election John McSuley Democrat' won out by a majority of 11.

In the West Ward J. Theodore Cherry, Republican, defeated Dr. M. A. Kirk, Democrat, by 26, the vote being 79 to 53. Jesse O. Norris was elected Constable in this ward without opposition. G. Oscar Gray, Democrat, was elected Inspector of Elections by 13 over Augustus Wion, Republican. D. Wagner Geiss, Democrat, was elected Judge of Elections by 13 over James Rine, Republican.

In the North Ward John S. Walker was elected to Council on all tickets. Samuel B. Miller, Republican, was elected Judge of Elections by 21 over W. H. Baney, Democratic and Washington. John A. Rankin, Republican, defeated S. C. Herr, Democratic and Washington by 36.

In the borough at large Jesse Derstine was elected Borough Auditor, having no opposition. Charles F. Cook and A. C. Mingle were re-elected School Directors in the borough, both being on all tickets.

Bellefonte's Tremendous Vote.

Bellefonte polled a terrific vote on Tuesday. In the three wards the vote cast totaled 1011 out of a total registration in the borough of 1129. The North Ward vote was 459, said to be the largest ever polled there. The total registration in the ward is 514. In the South Ward the vote cast totaled 411, or but 48 less than the total registration of the ward. In the West Ward the total vote cast was 141, or but 16 less than the total registration.

While the contest for Judge was the one that excited most interest the count of the vote revealed quite a number of persons having ignored both Orvis and Quigley. It is supposed that such voters were pronounced temperance champions who were not satisfied with either candidate and therefore refused to vote for either. The voting in the first hour in the borough indicated that the turn out would be exceptionally heavy before the polls closed at 7 o'clock in the evening. In the North ward 85 votes had been cast up to 8.30 in the morning. At 10 o'clock 132 votes had been deposited in the box. The same story was told in the South and West wards, old timers reporting more interest being manifested than they had witnessed at any election for many years.

Boy Shoots Companion.

Andrew Gordon, aged about 16 years, a son of Samuel Gordon, was accidentally shot in the side by William Bloom, a companion, while the latter was exhibiting a revolver last Saturday night. Gordon was hurried to the Bellefonte hospital. The bullet struck a rib and plowed its way to the boy's back, where it was found and removed by the attending physicians. The boys reside near "Red Roost." They were planning some Hallowe'en pranks and young Bloom procured a revolver. He did not know the gun was loaded and was showing young Gordon how it worked when there was a loud report. Gordon dropped to the ground, the bullet having penetrated his side near the hip. It is expected that he will soon be restored to health.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Feron W. Russell, Ruth Young.	Boalsburg "
Jos. Jangquist, Pearl G. Beam,	Lanse Kylertown
Boyd L. Lucas, Flora V. Holt,	Unionville "
Maurice J. Powell, Bessie V. Myers,	West Decatur Philipsburg
Anthony Krisewski, Annie Gudaitis,	Clarence Clarence
Frank H. Thomas, Jennie H. Inhoof,	State College "
Steve Franci, Annie Basak,	Clarence "
Perry McDowell, Lena C. Young,	Jacksonville Howard

Rev. Harry G. Finney, pastor of the Westminister Presbyterian Church of Hamilton, Ohio, will fill the Presbyterian pulpit in Bellefonte at both services of Sunday November 7th, and Sunday, November 14th. Rev. Mr. Finney will not return to his home until Nov 15th, but will spend the week intervening between November 7th, and November 14th, in Bellefonte. The mid-week service on Wednesday evening, November 10th, will be conducted by him. Letters received by members of the Presbyterian church from very prominent men who know of Rev. Finney's ability and work are loud in their praises of him. Bellefonte people are surely favored in being privileged to hear so many new men of excellent reputation as have been acting as supplies in recent weeks.

BATHING IN SPRING

(continued from page 1)

pointed out that such a thing should not be allowed. Another practice which he wrote should be strictly forbidden is that of tossing bunches of flowers into the spring weighted down by stones or small pieces of iron.

Dr. Dixon remarked facetiously that he did not know of anybody having made it a practice to go wading in the spring, but his references to bathing were made seriously. He urged upon Council the importance of locking the gate of the fence surrounding the spring and excluding the public at all times.

Regarding conditions that might affect the sources of supply to the spring Dr. Dixon wrote that the investigation showed the existence of cesspools on elevated points nearby that might drain into crevices in the limestock rock and eventually contaminate the water in the spring and thereby endanger the health of the community. The exact source of the water feeding the spring, so Dr. Dixon wrote, could not be ascertained. Most persons hereabouts have been under the impression that the source of supply is somewhere in New York state.

Morris Cowdrick Dead.

Morris Cowdrick died in the Lock Haven hospital last Sunday following an extended illness. Deceased was aged about 21 years. He is survived by his widow and his mother, Mrs. Patrick Cowdrick.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is a senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and loucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

WOMAN KILLS MAN

(continued from page 1)

it.

In the hope frightening the men away Frank Voyznak picked up a shot gun and fired several shots into the air. The men then began throwing stones at the boarding house. Windows were shattered and considerable excitement prevailed. Mrs. Voyznak says that she then took the gun out of her husband's hands inserted a one ounce ball and stepping out fired at the three men The bullet lodged in the neck of Slavitz, causing death in a short time.

The authorities at Snow Shoe were notified and the several parties were detained until Monday when they were brought to Bellefonte. The man who was killed was aged about 50 years Mrs. Voyznak speaks English quite well. It is rather probable that she will be released on bail in order that she may care for her children until the case may be heard in court.

Another ÆTNA Check Came This Morning

ISN'T it fine, John! Your eighth week in bed just gone by and we've received two of these checks for $200 each. We can buy that new diningroom set now as though nothing had happened.

Every husband ought to take out an ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY, John. We women are so dependent on what you men do for us—especially when we have children.

Just think—$50 a week as long as you're sick, up to a full year. And at such a trifling cost, too. Oh, John, why will men put off these things until it's too late! We women were never meant to fight hardships that a few cents a day could save us from.

ÆTNA-IZE

—get the greatest insurance in the world. Protects your salary and leaves your savings snug in the bank. Call, write or phone.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND
Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder
No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. They stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by
G. S. CLEMENTS
Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

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Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

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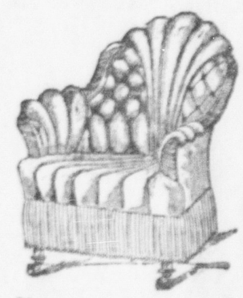
SLIP COVERS
TO MAKE



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MILESBURG - - PA

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A rather daring conception—but in perfect taste. A coat with the wide-flung lapels, the trim-fitting waist, and the ample skirts that suggest the generous styles of the period of 1830.

It is indeed high time you came in and settled the overcoat question. We can save you a lot of time and trouble and give you more style and quality—by introducing you to our new

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